

Vol. XIII

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1903

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# MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## SHAMELESSNESS

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

**B**OODLE! Naturalization frauds! Defalcation by leading citizens! Get-rich-quick sensations! And now a recrudescence of our post office scandal with its implications of sexuality! Surely St. Louis is getting an extra share of exposure before the country. All these things, taken in conjunction with the filth that was exploited in connection with the earlier quarrels over local Federal patronage are enough to give this town the reputation of being the nastiest community in the Union. The local papers have done their best to advertise the city's various wickedness. Some local celebrities have grown fat and great on the strength of their ability to bring nauseousness to notice in superabundant chunks. From the outside comment, one would judge this to have been or still to be the crookedest community in the galaxy of States. We have seen that the country was ready to believe any foul thing of St. Louis when the idlest rumors about the city's financial institutions were given credence in the highest quarters. The manner in which the city has celebrated its own evils has been of great harm to the better interests of the place and of all the residents thereof. Our publishing our own misdoings and our repentance therefor has been overdone to such an extent that the people of the Nation have lost the capacity to distinguish between the community as a whole and some few evil types in the mass. This is due to some of our own public servants and public prints that have nurtured the lie that the prosecution and exposure of evils in social, business and political affairs were opposed by the majority of St. Louisans. The country was told that St. Louis was arrayed solidly on the side of vice and boodle. It was told this by writers who received their data from one man bent upon making himself appear the only just creature in the eye of the sun in St. Louis. The country has been led to believe that the highest influence in the city has been used to foster criminality and shield criminals. Thousands of people think that responsible and representative St. Louis gloried in boodle, in embezzling moral leaders, in get-rich-quick frauds, in crimes against the ballot. The man who gave out the impression that St. Louis was so shameless as to glory in her shame received almost all the inspiration for his article from a man who was given \$16,000 by public voluntary subscription to help punish thieves and told to draw for more when that was gone. The man who pumped the Eastern magazinists full of the shamelessness of St. Louis had to throw himself down and sit on himself to prevent St. Louisans giving him a \$15,000 house, and if he had taken all the loving cups designed for him, he'd have had to build himself a warehouse to hold them. The man who has been mainly instrumental in advertising the shamelessness of St. Louis has done so by constituting himself the waste pipe between the Grand Jury room and the newspapers to drain into the public eye and ear a great volume of foulness that could never be brought home to any offender in the city or State courts. St. Louis has been misrepresented by the zealotry of one ambitious person and his fool friends. It has been lied about in every article emanating from his neighborhood which set forth that his work was hampered by a lack

of sympathy or by openly violent hostility upon the part of the community. No one protests against the printing of the news of corruption in St. Louis, but all persons resent the indictment of 650,000 people for sympathy with corruption. St. Louis, and, indeed, Missouri, have been outrageously slandered, not by the publication of the misdeeds of their citizens, but by the sweepingly made insinuations that the whole people of Missouri were in accord with the wrong-doers and openly and notoriously aligned against those who essayed to bring the wrong-doers to justice. Not an official in the State has failed to do his duty against criminals when called upon to do so. Not a city officer has shielded boodlers. No person of any standing has defended the existence of venality. Public organizations of all sorts and private citizens of all sorts have condemned the wrong and tendered their moral and financial support to those who were righting wrongs. The city and the State have both been blasted and bespattered by the general accusation of popular approval of bad conditions for no other purpose than to boom one man for an office. "The shamelessness of St. Louis" and "Poor old Missouri" are cries raised in the interest of a man whose very prominence gives the lie to the words. The howl about the depravity of the city and State goes on in spite of the fact that the punishment of the criminals goes steadily onward. Because one man wants an office for the proper filling of which he has not shown the faintest trace of capacity, it bids fair to come to pass that the people of other States and cities will establish a social and business quarantine against St. Louisans and Missouri-ans, and the proprietors of hotels will fumigate their rooms immediately after their surrender by traveling residents of this State and city. There is no exaggerating the extent to which the commonwealth and the municipality have been hurt by the misrepresentation of the popular attitude toward the exposure of vice and crime in their respective governments. There is no denying that the misrepresentation has its origin in the mind of the one man who will profit most by such misrepresentation, even though he has attained all the prominence he has or ever will have by virtue of the generous, sincere, unwavering support his work has been given by the people who are being traduced in his interest.



## REFLECTIONS

*The City Council's Hold-Up*

**O**UR very intellectual City Council has tacked on to the ordinance authorizing the much needed improvement and enlargement of the terminal facilities a proviso that paralyzes the project. The provision gives the city legislators power to regulate the rates to be charges by the Terminal Association for switching cars over the bridge and in the yards on this side of the river. The Municipal Assembly is to have the right to run the terminal concern's business. The City Fathers may, when they see fit, use their power as a club to make the company shell out. "Put down the rates, or put up to us," will be a cry not infrequently heard. The company will have no control of its own business in the most vital detail thereof—the charge for service to the public. The city is given power by such a provision to confiscate the company's business. There is no provision even for arbitrating freight rates



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in any satisfactory fashion. The city can step in any time and compel the company to change its rates. The amendment to the ordinance prohibits the raising of rates without the city's consent. The provision doesn't protect the city's business to any extent, since the city's consent might be nefariously obtained at any time by the proper expenditure of "coin" in the right places. The provision is unjust, for it might be necessary at some time to raise rates, though it is not probable, and does anyone suppose that the city would grant the raise honestly in the face of the political power of the merchants and manufacturers who would naturally protest against the increase? The city's control of the rate making power of the corporation is further unjust, because the city bears no part of the burden of maintaining and operating the properties. Under such a law the Terminal Association might as well throw up its business altogether. The amendment adopted by the Council is simply murderous in its effect. The Terminal Association cannot accept ordinances that take away from it the control of its own affairs, that leave it at the mercy of the hold-up politicians or ignorant demagogic malcontents. The city's assumption of the rate-making power in terminal affairs is a piece of socialism that won't go down with the business community. It holds within itself the germ of corrupt interference with business at any and all times. It is a proposition that impairs the value of the property and puts a curb on its efficiency in service. If rates be kept down by city interference, service must deteriorate to make good the profitableness of the enterprise. No sane business man believe the Terminal Association can accept such an ordinance, or that if such an ordinance could be enforced it would be to the city's best interests. If the Council insists on the amendment in question, we shall have no adequate terminal service, we shall have no abandonment of the tunnel for passenger service, we shall have no facilitation of fast handling of freight, mail, express and baggage, we shall have no rapid transit for large crowds to the World's Fair Grounds. The City Council, for all its superiority of intellectuality, its greater social prestige, its alleged business intelligence, stands in the way of the one big thing wanted by the city. It is obstructing the abolition of the bridge arbitrary. It is keeping the city off the map. It is preventing the inauguration of the "through bill of lading." It is encouraging freight congestion. It is delaying the installation of World's Fair exhibits. It is standing in the way of the expenditure of seven or eight million dollars in this city at a period which bears every symptom of coming hard times. The City Council is holding back the city and the city's and indeed the world's greatest project—the World's Fair—and is more of a detriment to the town than if it were composed of thirteen boodlers of the worst stripe. The blocking of terminal legislation is an act on the Council's part that calls for indignation meetings. If we find the World's Fair upon us with no facilities for getting exhibits or visitors to the grounds, the blame will rest with the City Council, since the Terminal Association has made all reasonable concessions to the demands of the city's business men and the city's officials. The City Council majority is hostile to the city, to the city's business, to the World's Fair. It is bigoted, short-sighted, narrow-minded, tyrannical. Its amendments smack of the sandbagger. Its action constitutes a hold-up of badly needed legislation—a hold-up for what purpose? What business interest is back of the insistence on the city's right to regulate freight rates? The Council's action may or may not bear searching investigation as to motives.



### As He Is

In the Easter issue of the MIRROR, April 9th, 1903, there appeared a character photograph of "That Man

Folk," written by the editor of this paper. At that time it was almost suicidal for anyone to write or speak aught against the sacrosanct Circuit Attorney. He had not then butted in on the gubernatorial canvass with moliminous attempts to keep in line with the reformers and the machine. When the article appeared a great many good people stopped their subscriptions—it was such blasphemy even to breathe a criticism of Mr. Folk. Latterly, however, there has been a demand for the reproduction in the paper of that study of Mr. Folk's methods and characteristics. Mr. Folk has had considerable of the gilt and bloom worn off him in the eight months since the MIRROR editor X-rayed him for the readers of this paper. Mr. Folk is no worse now than he was then—and certainly no better. He has had unlimited opportunity to develop and he has not suffered any falling off either in the amount or the salivary character of his journalistic advertisement. He has made his plea for the gubernatorial nomination and it has not stopped all opposition. He has been, to an extent, put on the defensive in politics, rather than on the aggressive, by his own conduct. The MIRROR has deemed it advisable to accede to requests for a republication of the character-photograph of "That Man Folk," and so it appears in this issue, just as originally written. It will be found especially interesting reading, now that Mr. Folk has broken the "dignified silence" he maintained when his party appealed to him in March of this year to support its city ticket. This study of Mr. Folk will show, at least, that so long as eight months ago the MIRROR dared, at the height of Mr. Folk's popularity, to picture him for what he has shown himself to be in politics since then. In any event, the article must prove a pleasant relief from the present run of adulatory political biography in Missouri. It does Mr. Folk justice pro and con, and it is not the MIRROR's fault if, in the natural development of the story, the heaviest emphasis falls upon the "con."



### Kratz.

MEXICO is a land where money is most powerful in high places. If there are people sufficiently interested in keeping "Cholly" Kratz in to-morrow land to put up the necessary funds, the boss boodler will not be extradited. The delays already begun in his case are not ominous of a speedy triumph of the State's emissaries in their efforts to get Kratz back to St. Louis.



### General Counsel Ferris.

WHEN, last week in these columns, notice was taken of the dissatisfaction of the World's Fair directory over the appointment of a general counsel for the Exposition, it was not understood that the temporary choice of the President was to withdraw from the post to which he had been chosen to succeed his unfortunate partner. But on Tuesday afternoon President Francis announced to the board his choice, ratified by the Executive Committee, of Hon. Franklin Ferris, at present a judge of the circuit court. The choice is an excellent one. Judge Ferris is a strong man in every way and a lawyer of solid attainments that do not preclude brilliancy. His judicial record is flawless. He is a man of many interests in life and that gives him breadth of view. Mr. Ferris is a Republican in politics. That is a good point, because it tends to dissipate the impression in certain quarters that the World's Fair enterprise is in some degree a Democratic machine, and possibly a part of a boom for Mr. Francis for the Democratic nomination for President. Judge Ferris is not a dillettante Republican. He goes out with and down among the workers. He is no "silk stocking." His appointment, therefore, will be of value to the Fair, from the beginning, in putting an end to partisan criticism of the Fair management. The retirement of Judge Seddon from the counselship is regretted because it was fitting

that he should have received such a testimonial of confidence as was involved in his appointment after the painful revelations concerning his partner, who was the first general counsel. Still, Judge Seddon's abilities are of that almost acutely legal character which are not usually conjoined with the materialistic features of business management, and what the Fair needed was a lawyer who was also a touch-and-go, drop-of-the-hat business man; and that is Judge Ferris. He is younger than Judge Seddon. He is one of the old graduates of the youngest of the great universities—Cornell—and he has the zest of life and the flair for affairs. His appointment means a vacancy upon the circuit bench, which must be filled by appointment by Governor Dockery. This means a place for a good Democratic lawyer, of whom there are many. Those who think they know Governor Dockery's mind incline to the belief that he will appoint Mr. Moses Sale. Mr. Sale is eminent in his profession. He is an out-and-out Democrat. He is a Jew, and there are many Democratic Jews, and the Democratic party has not given that race much recognition recently. Mr. Sale has been honored by the consideration of his name for office before, and he is entitled to the honor for which he is now suggested. All of which is in the nature of news. I regret to say, however, that there is still some disaffected comment in the World's Fair Board because the appointment of a general counsel was not discussed with the ninety-three members before it was made, but was sprung upon them Tuesday evening as a surprise. Those ninety-three board members are beginning to wonder what they are there for, but they take it out in dumb wondering. There is only one member of the board who goes up against the magnates of the board in opposition and question and criticism, and that is Mr. John Schroers of the *Westliche Post*, and I am told that he has wearied of well-doing in that respect, more especially since he has been induced to listen to the siren voices of those who would nominate him for Mayor in 1905.



### Panama.

Now doesn't it look as if the Panama revolution was a little affair nicely arranged in this country's interest, as a cheaper and quicker way to get the canal than by buying or licking Columbia? One wonders how the expenses of Panama's independence will be disguised in this government's bookkeeping. The affair has been entirely too fortuitous to have been wholly a coincidence with our National necessities.



### Weary of Reform.

THE defeat of Seth Low in New York was a small slap at President Roosevelt; but that doesn't render any the less foolish the talk of Mayor-elect McClellan for President. The young man is, so far as we know, only the son of his father, and more than that is required in a candidate for the Presidency. Young Mr. McClellan hasn't done anything, thus far, except hold office by favor of Tammany leaders. He has yet to prove what is in him. His election proves little as regards himself. It means only that New York was tired of the frosty-face and clammy-hand government of Low and the reformers. New York was tired of the fellows who were always condemning New York as not good enough for them. New York was tired of the smug superiority of those reform rulers, and it rose up and overturned the supercilious, precious ones who were always lecturing it. New York got from reform a not much better government than Tammany gave it, and it got entirely too much restriction of individual conduct and entirely too much lecturing from superior persons who hadn't blood enough to warm up anything. New York was tired of being told that it was "shameless," that it wasn't worthy of having a few



men of rare purity in its midst, that it wasn't good enough for some unco guid folk to live in. New York cast these superlatively proper people off the map. Other communities are being similarly overdosed with their own shortcomings by persons similarly wearisome in their own preternatural and immaculate purity. The Athenians didn't get tired of Aristides because he was just, but because he went around in a "chesty" sort of fashion and called attention to his own justness in a way to make ordinary Athenians look and feel like the classic equivalent for a lead dime. Tammany may not be the ideal city governing force, but Tammany is at least human. Seth Low may be a good enough college prexy, but Gotham can't be empirically governed like a lot of college students. Reform doesn't go in large communities where reform gets smug and superior and takes to whangdoodling the people about sins that are an ineradicable phase of human nature. The American people don't like to be lectured. They stand a lot of things in government in consideration of not being told they are inferior in all respects to a few other people with "views" and "remedies" for the age-old appetites and passions of the multitude. The Americans are not patient with paragons. They don't want paragon government. They will "take a soak" now and then at party evils, but they don't care to be bored by men who are good because they are too frigid to be tempted. New York elected McClellan because it was the only way to get rid of Mayor Low and his superior set. New York doesn't consider young Mr. McClellan Presidential timber. New York simply wants to be let alone in living its life without interference in its pleasures. That's all.



## Mr. McMillan and Menelik.

SILLY persons continue to write stories to the effect that King Menelik of Abyssinia is coming to visit the World's Fair. Now Menelik is going to do no such thing, because Menelik is not going to take a chance on losing his job as king. He has a nephew in his country who is supposed to be training himself for the kingship and incidentally training a few thousand soldiers to support him when he shall be ready to seize the throne. This nephew and aspirant to the throne is an able young man and very popular with the people. If Menelik left home his place would be taken in short order and without much ceremony. Wherefore Menelik will stay home and comfort himself with the charms of the little French grisette whom he took to Abyssinia from Paris. All this the World's Fair authorities might have leared if they had taken the pains to ask Mr. William McMillan when that young man was back home a couple of weeks ago from his interesting attempt to explore the Blue Nile to its source. Mr. McMillan is *persona grata* with Menelik. He has gone into the remotest corners of the country and has had the king's pass everywhere. He has even managed to keep on good terms with the nephew aforesaid. Mr. McMillan has done a great work in opening up the wilderness to the west and south of Abyssinia, and he has had many adventures in the heights over which Disraeli once made himself ridiculous by referring to them as "the mountains of Rasselas." Mr. McMillan represented Americanism to Menelik's mind, and was more acceptable as a visitor and friend than any of the other strangers, since the Abyssinians hate the Italians and the French and the English, and even the Russians, although the Russians have been pretty conclusively shown to have been instrumental in bringing about the awful collapse of the Italian expedition into that country. Mr. McMillan has been exploring territory through which there may eventually run a branch of Rhodes' Cape to Cairo railroad, that region far south of Khartoum and to the southwest of Abyssinia,

but what he has found there he has not yet imparted. His work has some significance to minds that have been studying Africa and that look to its speedy development through a great conflict of European interests there. This St. Louisan, who is scarcely more than a boy, is doing work along lines that immortalized Stanley, Livingston, Burton, Speke and others, but he came home and stayed three or four days and the local newspapers didn't even discover his presence. A man who goes exploring around in that region in which the mere hoisting of a French flag nearly resulted in a European convulsion is doing things of import, yet he blows into town and out and when he's gone back to chum it with Menelik the World's Fair "wise gazebos" appoint some man who can possibly find Abyssinia on the map to invite here the monarch who would come for "Billy" McMillan if he would come for anybody. Mr. McMillan could have saved the World's Fair all its envoy to Menelik will cost, if only he had been asked. Mr. McMillan is now gone back to Europe preparatory to another exploration in Africa. He will try during the next five or six months to explore the Sobat River and take careful observations in the neighborhood of Lake Rudolf. The places he is going seem to have escaped the map-makers, but the routes he has marked out for travel to the southwest of Abyssinia in the British East African country promise that there will be something doing there shortly that will interest the world. Incidentally, this gigantesque St. Louisan is having fun in Africa. He has the record in lions killed there. The two largest ever known fell before his rifle. He pays all his own expenses, but he outfits in London, and it is not unlikely that he is engaged in some world-changing work. Young men don't build their own steamboats away up the Nile at Khartoum and equip their own small armies just for fun. "Billy" McMillan, friend of Menelik, and chum of the suspected pretender, Ras, formerly of St. Louis, will be heard from when the news from Africa grows exciting again. But why couldn't the World's Fair people have discovered that he was at their very door when they decided to invite Menelik to come here? Perhaps it was because "Billy" McMillan is a home product and he was not vouched for by the "Buffalo bunch" that hogs the St. Louis Fair "snaps" on the sole strength of the horrible bloomer they achieved in the Pan-American Exposition.



## A Library for "The Missouri."

A MOVEMENT to present a testimonial to the battleship Missouri is creating some discussion. The Artists' Guild has already agreed upon a beautifully engraved and moulded ship's bell for the same ship, and the *Post-Dispatch* has in a measure been instrumental in raising funds for this testimonial. Now the *Republic* seems to favor a silver service. Without wishing to throw cold water on the *Republic's* undertaking, the *MIRROR* would go on record as suggesting that while heretofore the silver service memorial has been popular with communities desiring to honor ships named after cities or States, it has been agreed that the method has fallen short of its purpose and is now recognized as a useless way of honoring vessels. Such a service is usually kept carefully locked up and only rarely displayed to the officers and a few guests, never, in fact being seen by the crew of the vessel after it has been installed. Missouri should set a new precedent. The Government now furnishes every vessel with a library for the men, but no provision whatever is made to supply them with current periodicals, and as the jackies are great devourers of current news, this void has been sadly felt on many a cruise. It has been suggested, although so far never put into execution, that the money used for purchasing silver services might be invested and

the income used to furnish magazines, newspapers and other periodicals for the ship's crew. A library of current periodicals is about the only thing the men about a ship want, these days, with which the Government does not furnish them. Such a gift would be an ever refreshed remembrance of the people who make it. It would reach and touch the men. It would give them the news of the world at all times in attractive form and would be the best possible means of dispelling the ennui that so often oppresses those aboard ship. The presentation of a library of periodicals would be the best way for Missouri to honor the ship. The ship's bell of artistic make and sweet tone is a pretty gift, too, but a silver service for the officers is a memorial from the benefits of which the men behind the guns and the men in the engine room and all the other men without rank would be excluded.



## Mrs. Blair's Successor

A RUMOR is current that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris has taken up her residence in St. Louis preliminary to her selection to succeed Mrs. James L. Blair as President of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair. The rumor is not based upon facts. Mrs. Sartoris came here or arranged to come here long before there was the faintest suspicion that anything would happen to necessitate Mrs. Blair's resignation. The appointment of a President of the Board of Lady Managers rests with the National Commission; and the local Board of Directors will have little to say on the subject, except in the way of mild, and very mild, suggestion. It is possible that some lady now a member of the board will be promoted to Mrs. Blair's place when she shall have resigned. The National Commission might possibly favor Miss Helen Gould again, though it is not believed she would take the place. There are two St. Louis ladies mentioned for the place in current gossip, but it would be unfair to commit the gossip to print, since comment on the candidacy of the ladies would only result in a certain humiliation in the event of their not being chosen. Mrs. Sartoris being a National character in a sense, the mere allusion to her supposititious candidacy can hardly be the cause to her of any serious annoyance.



## Grand Jury Politics.

HERE is an assertion. A recent Grand Jury investigated the wine room evil and general saloon law violations. That body prepared a report severely censuring Excise Commissioner Seibert for his leniency towards the keepers of certain resorts. Mr. Folk as Circuit Attorney, finding that the Grand Jury inquiry had not dicredited the police department and its head, asked that the paragraph censuring Mr. Seibert be stricken out of the report. One of the reasons that he gave was that such a report would injure him politically at that time. The paragraph was eliminated from the report, and for this Mr. Folk thanked the Grand Jurors. Did Mr. Folk do this to curry favor with the wine-room keepers and their voting strength? Did Mr. Cook protect Excise Commissioner Seibert because Mr. Seibert inclined to support Mr. Folk's candidacy for Governor, and because Mr. Seibert is the wisest and most powerful politician in the State? Is Mr. Folk using the Grand Jury as a political club? Would Mr. Folk have suppressed a Grand Jury censure upon the police department and its head, Mr. Hawes? Will Mr. Folk deny the story, as above, of the censored Grand Jury report?



## Concerning Mr. Crane.

MR. WILLIAM H. CRANE, who is playing at the Olympic this week is almost as much of a dramatic institution as Joseph Jefferson, and he is characterized



## The Mirror

by much of the same happy, healthy, generous quality of genius as well as by an earnest but not over-insistent spirit of Americanism. Mr. Crane is I know not how many years young. He is as blithe as he was away back in the days when we were all as young as Mr. Crane continues to be at heart. Mr. Crane has never followed strange gods in art. His feet have never strayed after the sensational or the prurient. His devotion has ever been to kindly comedy of home-like people, and his plays have been clean, with the cleanness that accords with a sunny disposition. Since the old days of his joint appearance with the wonderfully impeded Robson, in the "Comedy of Errors," Mr. Crane has devoted himself exclusively to the portrayal of American types of character in which fun and seriousness are happily blent. Mr. Crane has kept free of caricature. His impersonations have never been cheapened by low appeal. All his work has been sane art and sound moral example. He has preached through the play a bright and cheery gospel. He has done much to make the world pleasant to countless people. He has saved bad plays from damnation by his own fine dramatic quality. He is of the salt of his profession, and his worth to the world is attested by a legion of admirers who hold him great as an actor because he is so genuine as a man.



WILLIAM of Germany is probably the most popular man in the world, and the fact is proven by the universal hope that his throat trouble is nothing serious. William would have been a royal personage, it seems, no matter in what station he might have been born. He's alive, interested in things generally, and game to the core. *Hoch der Kaiser!*



### Hard Times.

HARD times are here. There is no disputing the fact. Everything conspires to confirm the belief that the times will be harder. Why not? Revelations as to Wall street methods shame the get-rich-quick grafters and confidence is destroyed. Values are shrinking. Wealth on paper diminishes. Union labor tyranny makes for dullness in manufactures. Workingmen are being laid off by big concerns everywhere. Borrowing at the banks becomes more difficult. Payment of bills becomes slow by reason of the losses entailed upon wealthy speculators. The rich man doesn't pay the less rich man, and the latter fails to pay those lower in the scale of wealth than himself, and so what was at first a rich man's panic broadens slowly down to the poor man. The prospect for immediate relief is not good. The causes that work for improvement work slowly. The "jag" of prosperity and inflations has been on since 1897. It cannot be recovered from in a few weeks or a few months. Everybody has to take his medicine. Everybody has sinned against economic health. Everybody has been overplaying himself. Everybody has been banking on the continuance of good times and easy money. The result is that the "pinch" of restriction comes when the high-flying community is unprepared and the suffering is acute. Everybody has gambled. Everybody has been deluded to believe that the country's luck would last. Now everybody has waked up and is retrenching savagely. It will be some time before retrenchment can make up what was dissipated in extravagance. We may as well make up our minds to face a somewhat protracted period of personal pecuniary inconvenience with all the cheerfulness we can command. The experience will be good for us. It is good to realize that we have been "too gay." It doesn't really hurt to get back and down from champagne to beer, and from terrapin and

pompano to corned beef hash. Reducing the size of our bank account reduces the size of our heads. A little plain living will probably induce a great deal of clear if not of high thinking. We shall see how it is possible to overdo confidence, and we shall see the folly of fiat finance. It is a good time now for us all to "put up a good front" to hide, as far as possible, the fact that much of our prosperity has been hot air. Hard times put us "onto" ourselves, and that being the case we should be helped out by the sense of humor that appreciates how badly the other fellow is off, too. Hard times, however, are no justification for hard luck stories. Let's be cheerful. Let us not look to politics to help conditions. Let us not flatter ourselves that the "bosses" of finance have engineered the slump to discredit and defeat Mr. Roosevelt or to elect Mr. Cleveland. Every mother's son of us has been engineering things towards this trouble for about five years, and we'll all have to buckle down to actual work and some saving in order to recover from our own efforts at hoisting ourselves by our bootstraps. If we've lost all our overconfidence, we must not lose all confidence. Let's just look at it with some of the humor that lightens up the gloom of the morning after a night out. The financial qualms and katzenjammer will pass away. A little wildness now and then is a powerful help towards being good. There's no use in overworrying. It's as bad as was the overplaying. The world will last some while yet, and the good times will come again, and we're as well off relatively as the next fellow, even at the worst.



CONGRESS will now proceed to do the smallest possible work for Cuba in the longest possible time. And the President and his party will tremble until Congress adjourns, for special sessions are particularly dangerous to the party in power.



### Postmaster Wyman.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's nomination of Mr. Frank Wyman for postmaster at St. Louis is a good one. Mr. Wyman is not and has not been mixed up in any of the nastiness of local Republican patronage brawls. He is a business man who once ran for the City Council and was defeated. He has no friends to reward or enemies to punish, in a factional sense. He will probably clean up affairs in the postoffice at an early date. There has been much scandal and bickering in the institution and not a little suspicion of the prevalent "graft." There's a rumor that the President wants the old Postmaster, Mr. Baumhoff, retained as assistant. This can hardly be true in view of the nature of the charges a long time pending and recently revived against Mr. Baumhoff. If Mr. President Roosevelt should want Mr. Baumhoff retained in the postoffice in any capacity, the fact would stultify the President. If Mr. Baumhoff is fit to be assistant, he should not have been removed as chief.



## WORLD'S FAIR PUBLICITY

BY W. B. S.

"THE World's Fair is very inadequately advertised."

It enters upon the closing six months of the pre-exposition period with these results of exploitation:

Fifty-three foreign nations and colonies participating, ten more than at Chicago.

Every State, Territory and Possession of the United States, save three, (New Hampshire, Vermont and Delaware, represented officially and financially.

Appropriations for foreign and domestic partici-

pation 50 per cent greater in the aggregate than for the World's Columbian Exposition.

The space of 128 acres under roof of Exhibit Palaces, 46 acres more than at Chicago, over-applied for, and in the cases of several of the departments two and three times applied for.

One hundred acres occupied by outdoor exhibits.

Two hundred and seven national and international conventions, professional, industrial, social and others, secured.

An interest world-wide in anticipation of what is admittedly to be the greatest of Universal Expositions.

Yet "the World's Fair is very inadequately advertised."

Responsibility for this "grievous delinquency" falls widely. One of the first committees of directors appointed in the early summer of 1901 was Press and Publicity. It was composed of newspaper men who, upstairs and downstairs, had given many years of their lives to make the daily press of St. Louis what it is to-day. That committee of directors organized the department, shaped its policy, passed upon its plans. The members of it have, from that time to this, maintained close supervision of its expenditures and immediate direction of the work of the department.

Writers of the Press and Publicity Department were drawn from every newspaper office in St. Louis. They were not journalists in search of jobs. Samuel Williams, Kelso, Lebens, Wetmore, McMechin, Robertus Love, McCarty, are some of those who have given the same intelligent effort which previously made them valuable members of St. Louis newspaper forces to "make known through the press" this Exposition. Raftery in Chicago, DeGraw at Washington, Brush at New York, have been and are among the World's Fair representatives in other American cities. Walter Williams and Paul Oeker have for two years looked after the foreign newspaper field. Bennitt and Hooker, with experience on the press of New York, have utilized it for more than two years in the service of the Exposition. Barrett, Pepper, Wands, Parker, Olivares, Hardee, Chandler, Brucger, Fishback, newspaper men before they became World's Fair Commissioners abroad, have spread in all parts of the world the Exposition propaganda. Accredited to governments, they have associated closely their presentation ceremonies at foreign offices with calls upon the editors of every nation. They have achieved wonderful success, securing simultaneously government participation and newspaper co-operation.

The Press and Publicity Department is a part of the Exploitation Division of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It has never been permitted to lose sight of that essential fact. It has worked earnestly and steadfastly, and sometimes doggedly, to perform its share in an organization toward a common result. When one portion of the foreign field demanded more attention than another, there the Press and Publicity efforts were concentrated. State after State came in for special press attention. Where the foreign or domestic exploitation needs called for co-operation there the Press and Publicity influence was focused.

No former exposition has called into its service such a collection of newspaper men in number, in experience and in reputation as has this World's Fair. At one time there were enrolled in the organization over thirty trained and successful newspaper men, in addition to those in the Press and Publicity Department. They were in every one of the four divisions—Exhibits, Exploitation, Works and Concessions and Admissions. Very early in its organization the Press and Publicity Department established the closest possible relationship with all newspaper men in the Exposition's ser-



vice. Thus the experience and active effort of fifty writers were obtained. The head of the Exhibits Division, Director Frederick J. V. Skiff, was a life-long newspaper man, head of one of the most influential papers west of the Mississippi, when a dozen years ago he entered upon the career which has placed him foremost in the exposition profession. His pencil has never lost its cunning, and his loyalty to the vocation of his first choice has never wavered. Hoch, the Assistant to the Director of Exhibits, is a newspaper man and magazine writer in the front rank of the younger class. Bowles, the Superintendent of Graphic Arts, came from the editorial chair direct to his present position. Every chief of every department in the Exhibits Division is a writer, vigorous and finished in style. The entire force of chiefs of departments—Rogers, Ives, Ockerson, Hulbert, Moore, Goldsborough, Smith, Tylor, Bean, Holmes, McGee, Sullivan and Coburn—has from the beginning made active effort with the press a strong feature of department work, co-operating with the exploitation division and responding to every appeal of the Press and Publicity Department.

The Director of Concessions and Admissions, Norris B. Gregg, hard-headed business man, has found himself, under the stimulus of association, developing qualifications of a magazine writer. In the Division of Works the same efficiency and good will have been shown. Director Isaac S. Taylor, Chief-of-Design Masqueray, and General Electrical Engineer Rustin, Chief-of-Sculpture Bitter, the architects and engineers generally have written often and interestingly of their respective lines of exposition work, and their signed articles have been reproduced as was the literature of no previous exposition.

It has been a labor of love, and hence well and thoroughly done, and attractive to the reader. Thoroughness not superficiality, interest rather than surfeit, have characterized the press exploitation of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Domestic Exploitation has had for its executive from the beginning a newspaper man—Reeves—who has sat in the daily press and publicity councils, and who can testify what important share newspapers have performed in the bringing of fifty-two States, territories and island governments of the United States into active participation.

And finally of the Division of Exploitation, one of the four co-ordinate branches of the World's Fair organization, the President has been throughout the immediate head, that one alone of the four directorships never having been filled by appointment. Closer relations than to other departments have been sustained by the President to Press and Publicity, to Foreign and Domestic Exploitation. Adverse criticism of Press and Publicity policy and performance falls widely then. It strikes at the shining mark, and it ramifies through all divisions.

In the coterie of writers assembled to serve the Louisiana Purchase Exposition are included those proficient in all of the branches of the journalistic profession. These were men trained by long service in the gathering and distribution of news, in editorial, in descriptive, in scientific and in a great variety of technical writing. Each writer has been stimulated to his best effort in the press work for which he was best qualified. So it has come about that into every kind of publication has gone the continued story of the World's Fair rise and progress until to-day there is nowhere ignorance that the Exposition will be, and that it will be of universal character.

There is advertising, and there is advertising. There is the write-up and there is the write about.

There is a measure of quantity and a standard of quality.

The World's Fair of 1904, six months before its opening, is more in accomplishment and in promise than its most sanguine sponsors two years ago thought possible. Therefore, in that which is, the World's Fair manifestly has not been "very inadequately advertised." The supreme test of the Press and Publicity policy is to come—the attendance. That test no wise man will apply six months before the counting of the gate receipts can begin. The proof of the advertising is in the turn-stiles. Let us be just to the department which has not exploited itself, but has exploited the World's Fair to the end that unparalleled and unexpected success has come in the pre-exposition period. Writers of the Exposition were men who did things before the World's Fair came. They have not been, up to this time, an "inadequate" branch of the World's Fair organization. Why forecast a "grievous delinquency" six months before it is due?



### "THAT MAN FOLK"

A Character Photograph.

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

*Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof, and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.*

*Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools. Say not thou, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.—ECCLESIASTES.*



WHITHERSOEVER the St. Louisan goeth about, at home or abroad, he is met with the query, "What about that man Folk?"

It is evident that Mr. Folk contests with David R. Francis the honor of being the most distinguished citizen, or at least the best-advertised citizen, of the fourth municipality of the United States. His fame is as widespread as that of Mr. Jerome, of New York, and his characteristics are as much a matter of interest to the country at large as those of President Roosevelt. The name of Folk has come to mean many good things long hoped for, often despaired of to many thousands of good people throughout the country. And all this has come about in the space of about one year. Fame, to be sure, at least contemporary fame, is easily achieved in these days and among a people grown latterly almost as volatile and excitable as the French. The converse of the proposition is also true, that fame, in this country, is subject to sudden obscuration from the most trifling causes, as witness the cases of men like Dewey and Hobson, so that, within a six month, the name of Folk may hardly conjure up a memory that shall be the motive for a smile. So, while his name is upon all men's lips and his deeds form the theme of eulogy and apotheosis, lest and before we forget, it were well to limn the man as he appears to those who have had opportunity to study him.



Mr. Joseph Wingate Folk is not yet thirty-four years old, and he is a national character. All things seem possible to his future. If he lived in New York, or Indiana, or Ohio, or Illinois, any "doubtful State," and he made no serious mistake, he might duplicate the career of Grover Cleveland or Theodore Roosevelt and achieve the Presidency in 1908 or 1912. But he lives in Missouri, which is "hopelessly," or "reliably" Democratic, as one feels according to his partisan creed, and only some great revolution could advance

him from his present geographical situation into the role of being "the pillar of a people's hope, the center of a world's desire." The young gentleman himself would scarcely agree that the chances are so heavily against the possibility indicated as they are. He is far from oblivious of the fact that here and now is his opportunity to make the most of his work, of his celebrity, of his extensive popularity. The youth who came here, not so long ago, from Tennessee, has not failed to demonstrate that he knows how to "improve the shining hour." There is not that extreme touch of modesty in Mr. Folk which promises that, when the work lying to his hand is done, he is willing to be forgotten. So much modesty as he possesses is of that sort we designate coquettish in women, the sort that invites while it denies approach; that modesty, in short, which is hardly distinguishable from "the pride that apes humility." Withdrawing ostensibly from prominence, he yet countenances with a grace not unadmirable in itself, the spread of a sentiment, slowly concentrating into a movement, which, if unchecked, will bring him more conspicuously into the foreground of affairs. He is a man to be reckoned with, even though some of us believe that in essence he is more of a symptom than a force *ab initio*. That he has the public with him is a fact as undoubted as it is unimportant in the long run; for the public is fickle; it is ever running after new gods, new sensations. He is a hero to the many, and the hero of a good cause, and this is not lessened by the fact that when you apprehend him visually, in stature, in countenance, in brooding paleness and a sort of stillness imminent with suggestions of power and promise of insistent energy, there is that about him which reminds you of the Corsican. He has a smile so soft and bland it almost makes you forget the rigidity of his chin; a voice gently murmurous, but persuasive and pervasive, a mildness of manner that is lulling at first, but, later, is perceived to be the mark of a persistent purpose to win confidence.



No better specimen of "the art which conceals art" could be found anywhere than the self-conscious unconsciousness of this young man whose name is synonymous with "reform" in every part of this country. No one who has ever spoken with him can deny to Mr. Folk the possession of a charm, but after one has spoken with him, the charm dissolves into a curious uncertainty as to the purport and result of his talk. He is as elusive as a half-suppressed smile, as evasive as a woman, who hovers between liking and loving, but all the time he is moving steadily towards his own ends as a glacier glides down a mountain-side. And while one cannot say that he is not frank and cordial, one must admit to oneself that he is, at the last analysis, more ingenious than ingenuous, and that there is a dully cold quality about him which may be either that of a self-satisfied fanatic or a rank indifferentist. He is toned in a low, gray key, apparently incapable of enthusiasm, seemingly unmoved by outward events, and only now and then manifesting pleasure in a manner that suggests nothing so much as a feline purring under petting. You've heard the phrase "as weak as water"—well, there's something hedorific about Mr. Folk, and water, while one of the most ductile things in the realm of nature, is also one of the most powerful, whether as ice, or steam, or flood, or sipage, or the legendarily attritional dripping on the solid rock. Mr. Folk is not a man of extremes. He is a devout church-member, but he has been seen to sit drinking moderately in a bar that should have been closed according to law. He has been the friend and associate of politicians whom he has lately indicted or striven to indict, and so masterful is his tact that he is able to maintain amicable



relations with men whom he is forcing along the way to the penitentiary.



Hereinabove I have intimated that, perhaps, Mr. Folk is more of a symptom than a force, and it may further be predicated of him that he is more of an accident than a great personal genius forcing himself upon the attention of the world, in spite of the collusive infamies of "the sons of Belial." For some time, there has been in process a municipal renaissance in this country, manifesting itself in upheavals against corruption in New York, in Cleveland, in Chicago, in Minneapolis and other places. St. Louis came late under the breath of this new-birth spirit, but it came thereunder finally, when it became a certainty that a great World's Fair would be held here. The city had been brazenly misgoverned by ignorant and uncouth and maladroit Republican gangsters. Corruption was open and self-glorifying. The people were aroused by the effrontery of its Beotian bosses, and the Democrats seized the opportunity to stand up for reform. This was in 1900. A ticket was prepared, partly in the Reformers' room at the Noonday Club, partly in the house of a great capitalistic franchise-owner, with the assistance and support of such "bosses" as Edward Butler, Harry B. Hawes and William H. Swift. Mr. Joseph W. Folk was put upon that ticket at the suggestion of his friend, Mr. Harry B. Hawes, and to the query, "Who's Folk?" Mr. Hawes made reply that he was the young man who had, in a lawyer's capacity, participated in bringing about a settlement of the great, bitter, brutal street-car strike of that year in this city, and his candidacy would, therefore, win the support of the labor element. It was recalled at the time that in the Mayoralty election of 1897 Mr. Folk "bolted" the Democratic convention with the Socialist Lee Meriwether, supported the latter's independent candidacy for Mayor, and, to that extent, had contributed to the continuation in office of the Ziegenheim "gang," whose incompetence and corruption were a disgrace to the decent elements of the community, but this treason to party and to decency was forgiven in view of the exigency of the situation and the necessity of turning out the crooks and mental cripples in charge of local affairs. Mr. Folk was elected. It is said that "the Indians," or Democratic ballot-box stuffers, elected the ticket bearing Mr. Folk's name. An eminent reformer, Mr. James L. Blair, ably defended, in *Harper's Weekly*, in a manner that has come to be known as jesuitical, though repudiated by the sons of Loyola, the alliance between the reform elements, the bosses, the "ballot-stuffers," and the franchise-holders. It was the only way to win. It was a good ticket forced upon bad party "bosses," elected possibly by reprehensible devices; in brief, "the end justified the means." Mr. Folk accepted the office and said nothing about the searing of his soul by the thought that elections were carried by force and fraud though later he could not support a candidate for Congress elected by the same men and methods, and though still later he did everything possible to "bring to justice" the election crooks who had contributed to the political elevation of himself. Mr. Folk was a Democrat, who accepted all sorts of Democratic support, straight and crooked, to get in office, but once there and once launched as a reformer, he could not bring himself to discredit his office by making a speech in support of the candidates of his party. Mayhap some people will say that this is jesuitry upon Mr. Folk's part, but what's the use of saying such a thing of a man who is a popular idol, when the word cannot be heard for the clamor of adulation around the idol, and its feet of clay are obscured by the incense of flattery that surrounds the image?

In the early days of Mr. Folk's incumbency of the office of Circuit Attorney, he attracted no attention. But with the election of Rolla Wells to the Mayoralty, there arose a feud in the Democratic party between Edward Butler, the old, and Harry B. Hawes, the new boss of the Democratic party. The old boss thought the younger one was "knocking" him to the Mayor, and that the new young leader also aspired to handle the "boodle" that was necessary to the passage of bills through the Municipal Assembly. Members of the Assembly had passed a bill granting extensions to the Suburban Railway on a promise of \$135,000, to be divided among the supporters of the measure. The courts killed the bill by granting an injunction. The company refused to give up the money that had been locked up in the safety vaults of two trust companies. The assemblymen wanted to collect the money. They agreed to have "boss" Butler try to collect it, and then one of the members suggested that "boss" Hawes be chosen their agent, though this was without the knowledge of Mr. Hawes. Butler got mad at Hawes for alleged interference and began to talk out loud. His talk reached the newspapers, although the MIRROR had printed the facts concerning the tied-up money some months before. It was rumored that if the money was not given up to Butler, as agent for the gang, Butler would go before the Grand Jury and tell the story and secure the indictment of the President of the Suburban, the representative of the company who held duplicate keys to the deposit boxes, Mr. Hawes and some others. It was an old trick of Butler's, this bluff to go before the Grand Jury, but this time it worked back upon him. The President of the Suburban got to the Grand Jury first, and it is not overstepping the limits of imagination or stretching the boundaries of fact to intimate that the person who got the President of the Suburban road to Mr. Folk's office, before Mr. Butler, may have been the young boss whom the older boss had hoped to discredit and destroy. Mr. Folk took the testimony of the Suburban President, seized the money, sweated a number of assemblymen, secured "squealers" and indicted and convicted some of the criminals. The matter fell into his hands fully ripe. The fear inspired by the indictments prompted other "squeals" about other bills, and the result was such an exposure of corruption and corruptionists as the country had not known since the downfall of Tweed in New York. Conditions had made the opportunity for Mr. Folk. He could not have dodged it if he would. The party feud played right into his hands, and public sentiment, thoroughly aroused, was ready to back him up in a vigorous course against the crooks. The press was with him. He could not "lay down," and then the man Folk became a commanding figure in the situation. To him went all the credit for the great exposure, when, in fact, the matter was shoved under his nose so publicly that he could not escape it. He did his duty; but it was not hard to do, with the work really done beforehand. There may have been temptations to "let up," but what temptation is strong against the chance to capture public applause, against the possibility of turning popular applause to personal political profit? What money or promise of place could be weighed for an instant against one's name and picture in all the papers, against one's celebration in all the magazines, against presentations of loving cups and eulogistic addresses, against the circulation of Folk buttons by the hundred thousand as a prelude to a mayoralty or gubernatorial candidacy, against "mention" for the United States Senatorship, and even the Presidency itself? Could duty be pleasanter than with such rewards, all of which, too, are coinable, in time, into cash, if one "keeps one's head?" Verily, no! There is not much "martyrdom"

discernible in the position of Mr. Folk, if it is here fairly stated. Mr. Folk has received full benefit and reward for his work, in so far as benefit or reward could be bestowed up to the present time. He has been criticised but little, and that on matters extraneous to the general proposition that the proper thing to do with boodlers is to send them to the penitentiary. I will not more than refer to the severest criticism of his conduct, which came from the oldest justice of the State Supreme Court and dealt in extreme denunciation of the methods by which Mr. Folk secured his first conviction in the boodle cases—methods which caused that venerable jurist to declare them "a travesty upon justice."



Mr. Folk did his duty. In fact, there are signs that he overdid it. The fact became soon apparent that Mr. Folk was not unaware of the value of newspaper publicity. People whom he could not indict for lack of evidence were indicted by innuendo in the newspapers. Day after day he was advertised as being after "big game," the identity of the "game" being but thinly concealed. Evidence before the Grand Jury, not sufficient to justify an indictment, leaked into the papers, where it had all the effect of an indictment in disgracing prominent citizens. Mr. Folk couldn't bring men to the bar of justice. He did the next best thing—for himself. He had printed, in sensational fashion, stories he was investigating concerning prominent men. The effect was good—for him. It showed he wasn't afraid to "smash" a man by publishing stories about him, though he was afraid to indict the man on the strength of the stories published. This made good reading for the masses. It made Folk more of a popular hero. What matter if it were rankly unjust? What matter if it was the cowardice of tyranny? It was all for Folk's greater honor and glory. And the newspapers backed it up, because it made for increased circulation. "The end justified the means." The people had to be kept excited to keep them thinking that Folk was tireless in his efforts for reform. It did not matter if all the promised sensations never materialized in indictments. They all kept the public saying, "How wonderful a man is Folk!" They all made for the generation of boons for Mayor, for Governor, for Senator, for President. They produced Folk clubs, Folk buttons, Folk banquets, Folk loving-cups, babies named after Folk, invitations for Folk to talk about Folk from Dan to Beersheba. The young man grew by what he fed upon. There was no way to stop. The people wanted things of him, and they would be supplied, whether or no. There had to be always "something doing," lest Folk should be forgotten. Each day's paper had to announce that he had "struck a new lead in the boodle inquiry." No day was worthy that did not show Folk, the reformer, finding new things to reform and new men to indict or inferentially to pillory in the press as likely to be indicted. When all else failed, he discovered the existence of prostitution in a quarter of the city where it had been flourishing for thirty years, and indicted a veteran police officer for failing to suppress a vice that is as old as human nature. Every newspaper story was written in red ink, metaphorically. Every fact was multiplied by nine. Sensationalism exhausted itself, but always there was at the end a modest little interview with Mr. Folk, in which he said nothing but that he was "doing his duty" and was "on the verge of further disclosures." How delicate and tempting a fashion of saying, "to be continued in our next," or "just wait a while and Folk will open your eyes still further!" One dare not say, in the face of the present public sentiment, that all this is charlatanism, but if not charlatanism



of the most refined sort of autoapolaustics, what is it to be called?

Then came the *chef d'oeuvre* of the Folk campaign for Folk. How can one better force himself upon the sympathetic attention of the sensation-loving mob than by posing as a martyr? The magazines began to intimate that Mr. Folk was being obstructed and opposed in his great work by malign influences in this town. He was hampered by the influence of the boodlers in politics, in business, in social life. After all Mr. Folk had done, the forces of corruption were "in the saddle" everywhere, and were likely, through their potency, to bring his past good work to nothingness and hamper his good work in the future. This was "the shamelessness of St. Louis," advertised as a magazine subject all over the country. This in defiance of the fact that the boodle influences were "downed" everywhere. This in the face of the fact that Mr. Folk had been supplied with a fund, the size of which is not definitely known, but is between \$12,000 and \$20,000, to prosecute his crusade against vice and crime. This in spite of the support of every newspaper in the city and the continuous applause of organizations of all sorts. But it took with the public and made of everybody Folk's folks. A Democratic convention condemned the assertion that St. Louis was "shameless." Promptly this was construed into an attack upon Mr. Folk, though it was in reality only an attack upon publications which had evidently been inspired by Mr. Folk.

A dinner was given to President Francis of the World's Fair by Mayor Wells. Mr. Folk was not invited. The Mayor invited only the heads of departments. The Circuit Attorney is not the head of a department. But what matters that? Nothing goes that hasn't some Folk in it. A great man who is looking for "insults" that he can transmogrify into campaign material for himself is never disappointed in his quest. The local Democratic party held a ratification meeting, a little later, after the nomination of a council ticket. Mr. Folk was not on the list of vice-presidents. He was not invited to address the assemblage. Another "insult" to the incarnation of Reform.

It was entirely out of consideration for the personal feelings and official attitude of Circuit Attorney Folk that he was not invited by the President of the Jefferson Club to preside at the ratification meeting. It may be said, in passing, that Mr. George J. Tansey, who presided at the Odeon meeting, personally invited Mr. Folk to appear upon the stage on that occasion. The failure to include Mr. Folk's name upon the list of honorary vice-presidents was due entirely to Mr. Folk. In the campaign last fall, when it was desired to bring to the support of the Democratic ticket every powerful influence of St. Louis, Mr. Joseph W. Folk was invited to several conferences of the Democratic leaders. Either personally or by letter, he led these gentlemen to believe that he was in entire accord with the principles of the Democratic party, locally and would support the nominees with possibly one exception. He was asked to appear upon the rostrum, but he said that his position as a public prosecutor precluded the possibility of his appearance as a partisan advocate and that he preferred to be left to his own devices in the prosecution of his good work as a purifier of municipal morals, assuring those in authority in the Democratic party that he still rendered allegiance to the ticket and would do everything personally that might be expected of an individual Democrat. The gentlemen in authority in the Democratic party locally took Mr. Folk at his word.

They felt that his efforts to purify and improve conditions in the city of St. Louis would be hampered by his pernicious activity in politics. He was not a factor in the campaign of last fall and it was unanimously agreed that, in consideration of his personal and private feelings, he should not be called upon, in the campaign that closed in April, to make any plea to the public which might be construed as an advocacy of machine politics, the uttermost evils of which he was then engaged in combating with the energy and resourcefulness with which the public of St. Louis are familiar. Pursuant to his own objection against political activity on his part, the Democratic managers concluded that they would not confuse his leadership of the crusade against vice and crime with any partisan argument to the public of St. Louis, and so, in making out the list of vice-presidents for the Odeon meeting, his name was omitted without any other feeling than that the Democratic party did not desire to interfere in the slightest degree with the good work he had begun and was successfully continuing in the direction of the municipal purification of the City of St. Louis.

Nevertheless, Mr. Folk has not had the prompting to exonerate his party of the imputation put upon its alleged "insult" to him. He poses as a martyr by saying he "has nothing to say." The same old modest game coming up to tail off a big "boost" of his own moral superiority to the party that made him. The same humble method of insinuating that he is being persecuted for virtue's sake, but turns the other cheek and will not even accuse his persecutors. It may be revolting in its hint of *Pecksniff*, but damme, it's artistic in its way, and it produces results in more loving-cups, buttons, banquets and resolutions. Mr. Folk pretends that he is being read out of the party. It is only a pretense. The party has not made him its issue in local affairs, because he himself has been so industrious in that direction but he has steadily refused to lend to his party any of the advantage he has personally gained. He has pulled away from his party and endeavored to identify it with the criminality and corruption he is warring against. He has done everything to encourage the belief in this community that his party is opposed to his work, when there is not a particle of evidence to support such a contention. Mr. Folk is discrediting his party by deft indirection rather than the party discrediting Mr. Folk in his work. This can be made clear.

Mr. Folk was a rampageous silver Democrat. So silvery was he that he signed a protest against considering the name of Rolla Wells, a gold Democrat, in connection with the Mayoralty nomination in 1901. That is how "regular" he was. But once in office, and, apparently, in a fair way to make a personal "strike" as an independent, what became of his "regularity?" He couldn't find time to make a speech or write a letter in favor of the ticket, last November or last March. He couldn't find time to spare from his duties to do anything that was not for Folk. He couldn't make a speech for a local ticket, but he could find time to attend banquets in his honor and to attend affairs like the Jefferson Club banquet to the State Legislature, where he might make a speech that would bring him and his work conspicuously before the leaders of the State Democracy. He could not attend local Democratic meetings to help his party ticket and his old associates, but he could go to Kansas City and to New York and other places to make speeches that would tell the Democracy how great a man is Folk. He was not a politician, but a public servant, but he is in politics up to his neck wherever

and whenever he can help himself, and he is out of politics wherever and whenever he is called upon to help anyone else. He is not a Democrat when the party wants him, or when the men who made him want him. But he's all there as a Democrat when he can boost himself. He has time for nothing but his own advancement. He has no word to say when his party is assailed. He has nothing to say to the public when it is intimated that he is trying to indict the man who gave him his chance, Mr. Hawes, but he tells Mr. Hawes, personally, and some of Mr. Hawes' friends that "there's nothing in it." Mr. Folk plays for his own hand all the time, and not always on top of the table. He "is not a candidate for anything," but he is doing nothing to stop his various booms for this, that and the other office, in this, that or the other party, and he is doing nothing that can possibly give aid or comfort to his own party or to any man's aspiration in that party. He is subterraneously knocking every possible Democratic candidate for Mayor and every possible Democratic candidate for Governor. He does this by appearing only at events where he is "the whole show," and where his presence cannot possibly be construed as approval of anybody else who bears the name of Democrat. There is no disputing the finesse of all this, but that it is disingenuousness brought to the *nth* power and pushed into the realm of duplicity and deceit is equally indisputable. He is a Democrat when and where he can use the Democracy. He is not a Democrat when the Democracy would be helped by him. He is dallying with Republicans and independents and he is always where there is any incense to be burned before Folk. By means of timely "leaks" of alleged Grand Jury work, or purposes, he has attempted to discredit and remove from his path every person who might interfere with his ambition in St. Louis. He is playing his position and using the enginery of the law for his own political advancement, and I, for one, do not see the great moral difference between that and playing the position and the court's machinery for dirty money. Nor does anyone who thinks about it. That he has done all this and has, at the same time, made it appear that his party and his party leaders are doing unutterable things to him, is a mark of the supreme cleverness of the man, of his colossal genius for trickery. It may be that he deceives himself, but he certainly has deceived the people thus far into believing that he is hampered in his work, though much of his work and all of the hampering are purely phantasmagoric. "You can fool all the people some of the time, but," etc.

This, then, is Mr. Joseph Wingate Folk, man and official, as he appears to me. He is not a disagreeable man to know and meet even though when you leave him you always feel that he didn't mean in speaking to you to say what he wanted you to understand that he meant. He is not a man to hold your confidence longer than the period in which you are under the spell of his smile and his soft voice. He is not a man to be definitely placed, and he never was, for, in the early days of the Jefferson Club, when all its young members and leaders were reformers, there was so much about him of the "woman, various and mutable," that the boys called him "Josephine." He was always hedging and never coming to the front until things were so clearly settled that he couldn't fail to "land with the winners." He was always conspicuous for regulating his course to the advantage of Folk rather than for putting himself to any inconvenience to advance the interests of anybody else. Since his boodle crusade began, the men who have had most dealings with him have been the newspaper men, and I have yet to find but one of them who is not ready to say frankly that Mr. Folk has played



## The Mirror

fast and loose with the verities by recourse to such fine shadings and differentiations as amount to a gymnosophic genius in saying one thing and meaning another. Some of the journalists now supporting him vociferously, in obedience to that bawdy instinct that prompts complaisance toward the public whim, are personally convinced that in Mr. Folk there is an unscrupulously ambitious genius, coupled with a suavity of inflexible autolatry that is as mercilessly cruel towards its ends as any of the logic that marks the philosophy of Nicholas Machiavelli. Mr. Folk is an able man, because a self-centered man. He is an adroit man, because he plays a lone hand and his cold rationality is never mitigated by a touch of consideration for any other person. Mr. Folk is an honest man in so far as money goes, but he is not above the allurements of power, or the beckoning of "that last infirmity of noble mind—fame." He would not pollute himself for a friend, but what might he not do for that fickle strumpet, the sensation-loving public? He has no friends. He has been careful to freeze-out and cut-off all those he once had, for fear that he might be called upon to do something for them.

And so let us leave him, as he fain would be left—to himself.



### GOOD PEOPLE AND A MAN

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IT was 8 o'clock of Halloween before Edwin Hester shut down his desk. Bachelor of means, he was building up a good law practice. As yet a comparative stranger in Chicago, he had not found time for any social relaxation beyond an occasional visit to the theater or an occasional appearance at Mrs. Loy's club receptions. He lived with the Loys, but they were not his sort of people. The Colonel, who was old, wore celluloid collars and used perfumery. The Colonel's wife, who was a bit of a major, went in for reform, social economics and church work. So that Hester, who lived with them principally because Loy and Hester *pere* had been comrades in arms, led a rather solitary life for a man of thirty-five.

Having closed his desk, he was getting into his overcoat when the telephone rang.

"That four-fifteen, Hester's office?"

"Yes," he answered, wondering at the late call.

"How long'll you be there?"

"I was just going out, but—"

"Don't go out, a lady wants to see you—be up there in ten minutes."

"What's the lady's name?" asked Hester, puzzled.

"Just a second, please."

He heard the man's voice asking someone "What's the name?" and then came the answer:

"Mrs. Chester Keith."

"I'll wait for her," said Hester, his eyes widening, and then to himself: "whew! So Chet Keith is married!" It was a stunner for the lawyer who remembered Keith as the most lawless, reckless, restless of his classmates.

"Must be a marvelous woman who tamed that rascal," he reflected, "or, I hope not,—perhaps she married his money."

He was still perplexed at the unusual circumstances of the promised visit when there was a gentle rap at his office door. He opened it and saw, to his amazement, a girl of not more than eighteen years with a young baby in her arms. He saw that she was beautiful, well-gowned and—frightened.

"Mrs. Keith?" he said, nervously leading her to a chair. She said nothing, but sat down and drew a let-

ter from her reticule. He noticed that her hand trembled as she handed it to him, and he felt sorry for her for no reason that he could think of.

"You must be tired," he said kindly, "Did you just arrive? Here, lay the baby on the couch."

He cleared the coats and papers off the leather couch and ran on: "Mighty glad to hear from Chester, Mrs. Keith! Haven't seen or heard from him since ninety-nine. That's right, he's all right there," as she laid down the baby.

"Oh, thank you—Mr. Keith is well I—I guess," she answered hesitatingly, and he noticed that her voice was low and very musical. He looked at her and knew at once that the subjugation of Chet Keith was no marvel. He read the letter, she sitting silently by her child.

"Dear Ed:

I know you'll excuse the trouble I'm putting you to. I'll come on to Chicago the moment I can get away. I'm all balled up now. Take good care of the girl—find her a good, respectable place to stay. She has funds and I'll send more. I know you'll look after her for old times' sake, and I'll make it all right with you, old man, when I get there. I'll be at the Shelburn, Baltimore, for the next few days, and then I'll come to see you. Yours with thanks, CHET."

She was looking wistfully at him when Hester turned and laughed:

"Good for Chet! So he's coming to Chicago. Are you coming to stay?"

"Yes, that is, I hope so. I hope Mr. Keith will be along in a few days—soon. I guess we'll remain here if everything turns out all right."

"Oh, then, you'd better not go to a hotel," he said, "I live in Hyde Park, board, you know, and I've a neighbor, a fine old lady who has a room or two and no other boarders to annoy you."

She looked her gratitude in a wistful smile, saying that would be best for them, and so he telephoned for a carriage and accompanied her to the house in Hyde Park. Mrs. Keith said little during the drive. She had left Chester in Baltimore and, after spending a time in Detroit, with her relatives, had come on to Chicago as Mr. Keith had directed.

"Then the letter has been written some days," suggested Edwin, "and perhaps Chet will be here right away."

"Oh, yes; that's true, but, but he said he'd telegraph me," she hesitated, "he'll telegraph in your care, I guess."

For the rest of the drive he only felt her presence. She seemed strangely diffident, but he realized that she must be tired. He bade her good night as soon as he had arranged with Mrs. Kline about the room, and promised to call next morning. Then he thought of her luggage. She had only a small satchel with her.

"Oh, I'll look after that, Mr. Hester," she said, and he felt sorry for her again for her hand, a cool, soft hand, was trembling in his as she added: "Good night. We'll be all right. You don't know how grateful I am, Mr. Hester. Good-night!"

He went slowly to his room, which was in the same block, and at midnight he was still smoking in his armchair. The more he thought of Mrs. Keith's singular visit the more he puzzled. Keith shouldn't let his wife travel about that way with a young baby and unattended. How young she was! So trustful, and—and, what was it? melancholy or homesick? Longing, wistful, steadfast eyes. Hester remembered how her hand had lingered, trembling in his like that of a child afraid of the dark.

"Oh Keith, Keith, lucky Chet!" he sighed, and going to bed he dreamed that he was at Chester Keith's funeral, and that the clergyman who had officiated above the grave was marrying him, Edwin Hester, to a dark-eyed, smiling girl before the grave was filled.

He waited upon Mrs. Keith the next morning before going to his office. She had already sent for her baggage. The baby was quite well, the rooms just what she would have chosen. Mrs. Kline was very, very kind. That evening upon his way home he dropped in to see whether he could be of service. He had received no word from Chester.

"I've sent my address," she explained, asking him to come in, "maybe he'll come here first. I don't know. I hope he'll come—here."

Her voice trembled and her eyes filled. Hester felt an odd clutching about his heart; pity for her, a vague but sudden hatred for her husband. He put his hand gently upon hers, but she drew it quickly away and said:

"My baby is crying."

He had not heard the infant's cry, but he went home frightened at himself.



"Queer boarder Mrs. Kline's got," Mrs. Loy was saying, as Hester sat down to dinner, "the girl says she moved in last night and hasn't got any baggage but a baby, tee-hee-hee!"

"Oh, that must be Mrs. Keith," said Hester quietly, "She's the wife of my classmate. Her luggage has gone astray, I guess. I brought her to Mrs. Kline's house, you know. Her husband will be along in a few days."

Mrs. Loy's eyes widened with curiosity, but Hester, always reticent, would not discuss the new neighbor, and his landlady, the most inquisitive of her sex, determined to pay a visit to Mrs. Kline the very next day. She was just leaving the next evening when Hester paid his visit to Mrs. Keith. Mrs. Loy had found out a few things. In the first place the newcomer had no luggage but a hand-bag; she was very anxious about the hours for the delivery of mail; wrote a good deal and cried more; took her baby for an airing every afternoon, and asked for letters as soon as she returned. No letters came. Nobody called except Mr. Hester. The young mother seemed to have only one gown, the brown street dress that she wore when she came.

Whenever there was a chance Mrs. Loy parcelled out these bits of information at the dining table, though Hester betrayed not the slightest interest. Days passed, but neither husband nor luggage arrived for Mrs. Keith. Edwin Hester called twice every day. The woman took her child to the park each afternoon wearing the same brown dress. Quite a mystery, thought Loy.

As for Edwin Hester, he was no longer lonely. He had Chester Keith's wife and child to care for, and it was a pleasant duty. Duty? He owed nothing to Keith. They had never been close friends. It was apparent he was neglecting his young wife, and such a winsome, loving, beautiful young mother she was! One day he met her in the park carrying her baby.

"You should have a coach for the baby," he said. Her smile showed how glad she was to see him, but she blushed so deeply that he wondered whether she was not in need of money. Then he noticed the brown dress. The days were cool, but she wore no wrap. She turned the conversation upon the weather, the scenery, and then, as he grew talkative, she was silent, her lips apart, her dark eyes turned upon him. After that he often met her in the park, but parted from her when she turned homeward. Sometimes he asked her about Chester, but she had not heard from him: "I'm afraid he has been called to London," she would say; or, "I wonder can he be ill." But Hester thought there was no quaver in her voice any more and selfish, rebellious thoughts darted into his mind.



One dark, rainy evening as he was entering the





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Kline house, Mrs. Kline intercepted him in the vestibule and led him into her parlor. Her face was ominous.

"I wanted to ask you about this Mrs. Keith," she began in a whisper. "You know you introduced her here, Mr. Hester. She hasn't paid me anything yet, and—and, of course you know I'm a poor woman, but I've always been respectable, and I don't know about this woman, anyhow. Is she married?"

Hester sat down and thought silently for a minute.

"Send your bill to my office, Mrs. Kline," he said at last. "Her husband is—was a friend of mine, and he has an account with me. I forgot, that is, I neglected, to settle for her board. But you needn't mention it to her."

"I've already asked her a dozen times to pay me."

"Well, don't ask her any more."

He took up his hat, but instead of going to Mrs. Keith's apartments, he went to his own room and got out that single letter of Chester's asking him to look after "the girl." It was undated as he knew. A piece had been torn from the upper corner. He had lost the envelope. Hester put the latter in his pocket and went back to Mrs. Kline's house. There was a radiant smile on his face when Mrs. Keith let him into her sitting-room.

"Did you tear the corner off this letter?" he began, holding her hand and laughing down at her, "honor bright, now! Did you?"

She looked frightened, but said quickly:

"Oh, I have it. I want to give it to you some day if he—if Chester Keith didn't come. And now—why do you want it?"

"And now you know he's not coming? Is that it?"

She sat down in a forlorn looking heap upon the divan and wept like a heart-broken child. He patted her tossed brown hair and talked to her as though she were his daughter.

"Don't cry," he said, "It'll be all right. You've never heard from Keith at all; he hasn't sent you a dollar and you should have told me. When did he give you that letter to me? I've been guessing it was an old one—date gone—frayed edges—and all that. Come now, stop crying, girl, and let's have it out. I think I've guessed the very worst about Keith. Cheer up! That's a good soul."

His voice was so friendly, his smile so reassuring, his hand so strong and gentle!

"Oh, he gave me the letter a year before you saw it. He—"

"What, before the baby—?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" she sobbed, "but I hated to use it. I was afraid you'd guess, and I went home to my mother. I told her what I told you, that Chester was coming, and I waited till everyone grew suspicious. Then I came here for very shame and—and used the old letter to you. I knew then that he would never come, but I thought my parents would help me, and that I could pay mine and the baby's way till I could find work. And so, and so, I deceived you. But I meant to tell you as soon as I could."

"And this Keith, this—"

"Oh, that's all over, sir," she spoke up, her eyes flashing through her tears, and her mouth hardening with a touch of wrath. "He's married now. He—"

"Married! Why, that's bigamy, your husband is a—"

"Husband?" she echoed, her lip quivering, "That's the worst, the very worst of it. He never was my husband!"

Just for a second the color fled from Hester's face and then he smiled and lifted her up.

"I'm damned glad of it," he said. "That saves you from the divorce court anyhow!"

There was a constrained silence at the Loy dinner table the next evening, but Edwin Hester didn't observe it. He was gaily preoccupied. When the meal was over, Col. Loy, contrary to his habit, retired to his own room, and Mrs. Loy, rising from her place with surpassing dignity, said:

"Mr. Hester, I wish to speak with you in the library."

He followed her to that room dimly suspicious of her object.

"My young friend," she began, with almost judicial severity, "I am speaking to you as a mother. Mrs. Keith, that woman—"

"Lady, please," mildly suggested Edwin.

"Call her what you like—is not suitable company for any self-respecting man. She has not paid her board, she—"

"I paid it to-day." The man's wrath was rising, but he was very calm.

"So much the worse! Do you suppose that your visits to her apartments, your walks in the park—"

"I saw you watching us on at least three occasions, Mrs. Loy." He smiled absently as he said this.

"As it was my duty to do," she swept on. "If she is a married woman—"

"Which she is not" he interjected.

"She has a baby—"

"Widows have been known to nurture their own offspring." His cool urbanity infuriated the scandal-monger, and her voice hesitated weakly as she added, "So her husband is dead?"

"Dead as a mackerel for the last year, and just about as—" he laughed softly, "but let that pass. Anything more you wished to speak to me about, Mrs. Loy?"

"Just this—I won't have any such disgraceful conduct going on under my nose. It's the talk of the block! If you're going to carry on this affair—"

"I'll carry it on all right, Mrs. Loy, without your help or hindrance. As for its relation to your—nose, I believe you said? That must rest with you until December first. We're to be married that day."

But she had flounced out of the room in speechless fury.



## A DREAM

BY ANODOS.

ONE night, as dreaming on my bed I lay,  
I saw the whole world die and pass away.

Young men and old, true lover and fair maid  
Passed, in an endless passing, unafraid,

And as they went, each to his radiant home,  
They hailed me after, calling to me—"Come!"

Some sought a land of living light, where none  
Remembers more the shining of the sun.

Some sought a land of living light, and there  
Longed for the dark, to hide their bright despair.

At last I lay upon the ground alone,  
No voice; the empty silence cried—"Begone!"

Then I arose and turned about to flee,  
On either hand there was no place for me.

The shining ones said sadly—"All too late!  
None enter Heaven but through the narrow gate."

The fiery ones said sadly—"All too fast!  
There is no need of Hell, while Earth shall last."

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# MUSIC

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Some one had blundered, when the light brigade of St. Louis composers charged on the Union Musical Club's clientele at the Odéon on Saturday last, and it was a maimed and slaughtered band that finally won the day. The charge was brave enough when the club, in a fine burst of patriotism, decided to devote its first concert this year exclusively to the local music writer, and in the ranks of the brigade were William H. Pommer with a Sonata for violin and piano, Ernest Kroeger with songs and piano pieces; Abraham Epstein, Alfred Robyn, Arthur Lieber, William Schuyler, Alfred Ernst, Paul Mori, Harriet Sawyer and Olive Brookes Williams, all fittingly panoplied.

But alack and alas! Against an enemy who volleyed and stormed at them as did the casket bearing the outward semblance of a piano, they were hardly proof. Hardened by age, untuned or untunable, its plangent tone sounded the martial note at the approach of the first man, and Paul Mori went down before it with his neat, pretty, intrinsically, inoffensive "Mazurka de Concert," and a transcription of "The Lost Chord." For the demolition of this transcription Mr. Mori does not compel sympathy on the score that popular transcriptions of popular songs, deserve no better fate. As far as this genre of music writing goes, this particular transcription is clever.

A worthy group that followed Mr. Mori's struggle was saved to an extent from the enemy by Mrs. Charles Lewis, who exploited attractively a gentle, fluent "Slumber Song," by Harriet Sawyer, a characteristically oriental "Moorish Serenade," by Ernest Kroeger, an unhappy setting of "Thou're Like Unto a Flower," by William H. Pommer, and a well-made, lightsome, Robyn ballad. While Mrs. Lewis kept these composers out of the enemy's reach as far as their voice parts were concerned, the accompaniments were attacked with deadly effect.

Mrs. Oscar Bollman voiced Arthur Lieber most mellifluously. Four of his songs were presented, Mr. Lieber himself, by a series of clever maneuvers, leading them to comparative victory. The songs, while they evidence no great depth, show the composer to be a man of charming sentimental expression, and one who knows how to make a graceful, extremely singable song. The best number was "My Heart's Delight," a song still in manuscript.

And now comes Pommer with a supreme effort—a puissant, symmetrical sonata for piano and violin in three movements. The first, an *Allegro* movement, is built on a dramatic theme, worked up to fine climax. The slow movement which follows, is a beautiful piece of writing, full of sentiment and imagery. The poetic theme is begun by the violin, then taken up by the piano with a charming accompaniment by the violin. This *Adagio* is full of contrasts and in conception and execution shows Mr. Pommer at his best. The closing movement, a *Scherzo*, is full of spirit and dash—the most grateful of the three

movements from the performer's standpoint. Miss Agnes Gray triumphed in the violin part. She played splendidly, with technical virtuosity and complete understanding and sympathy. Mr. Pommer was worsted by the enemy. A meticulous player at best, the destructive front presented by the piano further unsteadied him.

The valiant Schuyler, in three of the unique "Black Rider" songs, Kroeger in two fine songs, and two well intentioned songs, by Mrs. Williams, were vicariously in the fray, through Mrs. Bonsack, an artistic, conscientious, musicianly singer,

who struggled with some success against heavy odds in the way of a monotony of color in the compositions, and the onslaught of the piano.

Mrs. David Kriegshaber, the gifted Stella Weiner that was, bent all her energies to the routing of the enemy for Abraham Epstein in a rather over-elaborated "Romanze," a stunning, thrilling "Octave Etude"—a composition that for technical value and effectiveness ranks with the best of its school; for Alfred Ernst in a "Sonett Musical"—in which the composer remembered too well his "Tristan and Isolde"—and a convention-

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al salon composition entitled "La Gazelle," and for Ernest Kroeger in his superb "Scherzo." Mrs. Kriegshaber's achievement in her battle with manuscript compositions, and the piano, was most remarkable, and for her, a complete victory.

And so, though some one had blundered, and this light brigade was exposed to great danger and suffered much damage, the bodeful beginning of the fray was changed to an auspicious ending.

GEORGE VIEH IN CHICAGO.

While the composers were being celebrated at home, Mr. George Clifford Vieh, pianist and composer of extraordinary gifts and attainments, appeared abroad with overwhelming success. Mr. Vieh gave a recital before the Quadrangle Club of Chicago, and presented a programme that ranged from Beethoven to Schutt. The impression made by Mr. Vieh's colorful, impassioned playing was so great that it led to engagements in Milwaukee and other Wisconsin cities.

Pierre Marteau.

### TOILET ACCESSORIES

The toilet and bath have been written of and discussed from, almost time immemorial, and yet, it would seem, were the same admonishments iterated and reiterated a thousand times over, there would still remain those who are ignorant of the importance of the bath. The ladies all desire beautiful complexions, and some have recourse to various kinds of massage to eliminate wrinkles or obtain a satin softness of skin, and, possibly, nine-tenths of them are ignoring the efficacy of a properly prepared bath. Toilet waters of any well-known firm, say of Houbigant's, Pinaud's, Violet's, or Pivier's, should be used to impart the delicate odor to one's person, as, also, to soften the water, rendering it less harsh to the sensitive cuticle. One should be careful in selection of soap, for the cheap grades are almost certain to leave the skin hard and with that unpleasant "drawn" feeling. The bath brush and cloth should be well looked to as to quality of texture. A face brush judiciously used about three times a week, with a soothing lotion or cream applied afterwards, will remove black-heads when all other methods have failed. This treatment cleanses the skin thoroughly and makes the pores smaller and gives a glow and beauty worthy the efforts of the most accomplished masseuse.

Nowadays, one cannot be too fastidious in choice of perfumes and sachets and toilet waters. Melier's, LeGrand's, and Society Hygienique are each of a high grade. These articles should be on every toilet table. All of these may be obtained at Judge & Dolph's, the leading druggists of St. Louis, where every courtesy is accorded one, whether a purchaser or merely a visitor. This emporium is elegantly accoutred throughout; its management catering to the most aesthetic tastes.

Recently, a new department has been opened, where is retailed the best of whiskies. Oscar Pepper, Hunter Rye, and Bourbon are among other well-known brands presented.

The cigar department, which has now become so popular, continues adherence to its original policy, that of offering the best imported and domestic makes at cut-rate prices not equaled by any other house in the city.

In the basement of this immense store, one is shown the machinery which operates the magnificent soda fountain, on the first floor. Delectable juices of many flavors are dispensed from its multitudinous receptacles, the more delicious of which are made by Judge & Dolph.

The prescription department is one of the finest maintained in the States. Here, one important rule ever has been inviolable: "No substitutes must be used." The strict conservation of this mandate has gained the confidence of St. Louis' most prominent physicians, until now the immense volume of business done here is an enterprise in itself.

An especial comfort for the fairer sex is provided in a private room for the display of rubber goods. A trained attendant presides over this cosy sanctum and all articles may be procured without any embarrassment whatever.

In fact, in every department throughout the entire establishment, one finds harmony of order, up-to-dateness and genial courtesy, the dominant elements.

A visit to Judge & Dolph's will repay you. The store is located on Olive between Fifth and Sixth streets; the number is 515.

### OTHERWISE ENGAGED

Family is home again  
From the sea and hills.  
Say they had a lively time.  
Father pays the bills.

Sister Jane has lots of clothes,  
Full of fluffs and frills.  
Sister Kate is jealous now.  
Father pays the bills.

Foreign swells are making love;  
Lots of sighs and thrills.  
Stay to dinner. Burn the gas.  
Father pays the bills.

Laughter mingles with the talk  
Till the house it fills.  
Father never says a word.  
Father pays the bills.

—Washington Star.

Champ Clark, the eloquent Representative from Missouri, is a staunch champion of his State.


"You people out in Missouri," said a New York man to him, "are all right, but you are too provincial."

"Provincial?" snorted Clark. "Provincial? Why, let me tell you, sir, the shoe is on the other foot. Nobody in New York knows anything about Missouri, but everybody in Missouri knows all about New York."—Saturday Evening Post.

Miss Smythe: Oh, I had such a lovely time yesterday! I went to Celia's silver wedding, and—

Miss Tomkyns: Why, she hasn't been married anything like twenty-five years!

Miss Smythe: No, dear, twenty-five times.—Smart Set.



**Pommery Champagne**

It is all-essential that wine for the sick should be of the very best. For that reason Pommery is the champagne selected.

CHARLES GRAEF & CO.,  
Sole Agents for the United States,  
32 Beaver Street, New York.

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W. F. WILLIAMSON,  
Manager.

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Come out and see the Finest Hotel Apartments in the West.



Suburban Main Line or Olive Street Through Cars.

Private Baths, Individual Phones, Billiards, Bowling, Turkish Baths, Swimming Pool, Electric Lights, Steam Heat, Elevator, Grand Dining Room, Dutch Room, Private Dining Rooms, Model Kitchen, Safe Deposit Boxes, Mail Chute and Other Features.

ROOF GARDEN  
Mount Royal View of World's Fair and West End can be had from Our Roof. See it.

Commencing Nov. 15, Table d'Hôte SUNDAY DINNER 12 to 3, 75 CENTS Children Half Price.

SPECIAL GRAND OPENING Reception, Thursday Evening, November 19, 1903. For card to opening call on or address

**JOHN S. BLAKE & BRO., 17 N. SEVENTH ST.**

FURNISHED APARTMENTS  
With First-Class Hotel Service

Single	.....\$30 Per Month and Upward
Double	.....\$60 Per Month and Upward
3-Room Suites	.....\$80 Per Month and Upward

Select Your Quarters Before House is Filled

### Stimulation without Irritation



Means New Life to the Scalp  
The Evans Vacuum Cap gives the scalp a thorough massage and encourages a free and healthful circulation without rubbing and without the use of drugs or irritants. It will stop hair from falling out and restore a normal growth where live follicles exist. The cap is used about ten minutes twice a day and its effects are pleasant from the very beginning. We will refund your money in full if results are not satisfactory after a thirty days' use. Call on or address,

EVANS VACUUM CAP CO.,

St. Louis Office, Fullerton Bldg.  
New York Office, 1300 Broadway.  
NOTE:—To those who find it convenient to call at our offices we will give a sufficient number of demonstrations free to satisfy them as to the merit of this appliance.

### New and Popular Books.

The Mark, Kempster, \$1.20; Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Kate Douglas Wiggin, \$1.00; Daphne, Sherwood, \$1.00; A Doctor of Philosophy, Brady, \$1.00; The Heart of Hyacinth, Watanna, \$2.00; Hesper Garland, \$1.20; Barlasch of the Guard, Merriman, \$1.20. Also a complete line of standard and miscellaneous works at

JETT'S BOOK STORE,  
806 Olive St.

### MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry.  
CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,  
204 N. FOURTH STREET

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NINTH AND LOCUST  
BUFFET and BOWLING ALLEYS



9TH AND LOCUST.

**The Grand** Wm. Schaefer  
Proprietor.  
N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,  
Finest Bar and Billiard  
Hall in the West  
STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS  
IN EVERY RESPECT.



## SOCIETY

Much interest is manifested in the season's hospitable amenities to be extended to St. Louisans by the foreign envoys to the World's Fair, a number of whom are permanently located in private homes and at fashionable hotels.

The Imperial Japanese Commissioner, M. Tejima, who is installed in a handsome home at 5655 Maple avenue with his two secretaries, M. Kanzaki and M. Otsuka, and a retinue of "celestials," started the social ball rolling last week with a "stag" dinner at the Planters' Hotel. Naturally, it was a chrysanthemum affair, but not of the "home-grown" kind, for the flowers used in the sumptuous decoration came all the way from California, where they grow as large as dinner plates, with petals of velvety richness in the yellow and white species. Thirty-eight guests were bidden to Mr. Tejima's first entertainment in one of the small banquet rooms of the hotel. The viands, of course, were of the choicest American culinary art, but later, when his Maple avenue residence is completely fitted out, M. Tejima will play host according to the customs of his native land. Among the Imperial Commissioner's guests were: President D. R. Francis, Mayor Rolla Wells, Judge Wilbur F. Boyle, Senator Thomas H. Carter, C. W. Walbridge, F. D. Hirschberg, I. W. Taylor, John D. Davis, D. C. Nugent, W. H. Harstick, F. W. Lehman, J. E. Smith, C. H. Spencer, Charles W. Knapp, M. Kanzaki, secretary, Norris B. Gregg, W. C. Steigers, Diaz Albertini, M. Hanihara, secretary of the Japanese Legation at Washington; Goodman King, John Schroers, H. W. Good, Director General of the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition of Portland, Ore.; M. Kustibiki, C. F. Gallenkamp, J. V. Skiff, W. B. Stevens, Theodore Hardee, T. H. McKittrick, W. H. Lee. Mr. J. E. Smith was toastmaster. M. Hanihara spoke for the Japanese Government. Judge Boyle touched upon his

favorite topic, "Foreign Relations." Messrs. Dan Nugent and Goodman King, recently returned globe-trotters, who paid much attention to Japan, spoke interestingly of their visits to the land of the sun. Mayor Wells was the city's champion, and Senator Carter's remarks were in behalf of the National Government. President Francis, of course, expatiated on the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The dinner cards were dreams of daintiness in yellow and white, hand-painted by a Japanese artist who is here with the commission.

Mr. Wong Kai-kah, the Imperial Vice-Commissioner General, has rented a handsome home at 1385 Goodfellow avenue, in which he has installed his wife and two sons. The Wong Kai-kahs left St. Louis a week ago, but will be back the last of next month and will do their social duties in lavish fashion then. Before leaving Mr. Wong Kai-kah engaged a suite of ten rooms at the new Washington Hotel for Prince Pu-Lun, who will occupy them during the Fair with a following of aristocrats, guests and many servants.

Mr. Lucien Serrailier, of the English Commission, is domiciled with his mother, Mme. Serrailier, at 1314 Belt avenue.

The Brazilian Commissioner, Colonel Francisco De Souza Aguiar, is prettily domiciled at 427 Lake avenue. The Colonel has with him his wife, Mme. Aguiar, and his children, the eldest of which, two beautiful daughters, will assist their parents in entertaining at the Commissioner's official residence. Misses Eulalie and Jenny Aguiar are highly accomplished, having been graduated from the foremost schools of Cuba and France. Their first visit to this country was made in 1893 to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. No definite plans have yet been made by Mr. and Mrs. Aguiar for their first entertainment, but it will be in the nature of a dinner party, similar to that tendered by M. Tejima, the Japanese Commissioner, to the high officials of the World's Fair.

Doctor Theodore Lewald, Imperial Commissioner General of Germany, will be located in the Dwyer residence in Lindell boulevard, near Newstead, which has been rented for him as his official headquarters.

The French Commissioner General, M. Michael Lagrave, has requested some St. Louis friends to secure a home for him, preferably in Lindell boulevard, which seems to be the favored residence quarter with distinguished foreigners, and it is not unlikely that the beautiful and long deserted home of the late Alvah Mansur may be rented to him. Under the will of Mr. Mansur, this residence is not for sale, but is to be retained as a home for his grandchildren; but, as Mr. George Kaim, his son-in-law, has built himself an elegant home in Santa Barbara, Cal., where he resides with his family all the year, the Frenchman of title and official capacity, who will be here during the World's Fair may be located in this beautiful house at Lindell and Spring avenue, within a stone's throw of the St. Louis Club and in a most aristocratic neighborhood.

### Announcement.

**NAHIGIAN BROS.,** importers of Oriental Rugs at 3570 Olive Street, have moved to larger store, 3568 Olive, one door east of their former location.

**GRAND OPENING**  
and  
**ANNUAL DISCOUNT SALE**

From 10 to 25 discount on every rug. A grand opportunity to buy now.

At their New Store,  
3568 Olive Street.

## DIAMONDS

We have just received our complete invoice of *Diamonds, Rubies and Emeralds*, purchased by Mr. Drosten while abroad. Our stock is now full and complete and awaits your inspection at

**F. W. Drosten's** Seventh and Pine Streets.

Sole Agent for the Celebrated Vacheron & Constantin Watches.



ANY WAY YOU READ IT,  
IT SPELLS ALTON,  
AND ALTON SPELLS:

**A** GOOD RAILWAY.  
**L**UXURIOUS TRAINS.  
**T**RACK OF STEEL.  
**"O**NLY WAY."  
**N**O DUST.

**Schoen's**  
**Orchestra**  
All the Popular Music.  
Bell Phone, Lindell 1220



Established 1850. Telephone A. 177.  
THE OLD RELIABLE.

**MATTHEWS'**  
DYE AND CLEANING WORKS  
Dry and Chemical Cleaning.  
314 OLIVE STREET.



"Plenty of room on top, sir," said the 'bus driver—"and plenty of rheumatism."

If you don't care to let yourself envelop a case of rheumatism envelop yourself in a MacCarthy-Evans Warmth-Wooing Overcoat. And if you don't care to get an overcoat that will lose its shape don't get a ready-made coat. The thousand and one hand stitches that are in a MacCarthy-Evans Overcoat and that make its shape lasting are not in the ready-made overcoat—can't be in a ready-made overcoat.

A fortunate overcoating purchase enables us to save you \$5.00 on each overcoat we make for you.

**MacCARTHY-EVANS**  
**TAILORING CO.**

Medium-Grade Prices.  
High-Grade Tailoring.

816-820 Olive, Main 2647.  
The Post Office is Opposite

Colonel Charles M. Watson, Secretary of the English World's Fair Commission, is also looking for a Lindell boulevard official headquarters, and choice may be made in a few days of a suitable home in that thoroughfare.

Two European crown princes, Gustaf, of Sweden, and his neighbor, Frederick, of Denmark, who have announced their coming to the Fair, will be preceded by Mr. A. R. Ackerman, Commissioner General of Sweden, and Mr. William Arup, Commissioner General of Denmark. These gentlemen will arrange for official homes upon their arrival early in January.

St. Nicholas Hotel, Ladies' Restaurant and private dining rooms reopened for the season; newly and beautifully decorated and furnished. Special arrangements made for theater parties.

Grand Avenue Hotel Bakery and Confectionery, Grand and Olive, most popular transfer corner in town. While waiting for your car, supply yourself at headquarters of finest confections, cakes, rolls and all kinds of bread. Agents for the original Allegretti chocolate creams.

Blonde Girl: I want some rice; let me see, how much do I want?  
Green Grocer: Wedding or pudding?  
—Yonkers Statesman.



SOCIETY

At Monday's meeting of the Woman's Club, Mrs. D. R. Francis was unanimously elected President. This was not only the natural result of events, Mrs. Francis having occupied the first vice presidency, but it was an eminently fitting choice. No woman ever presided with more grace and tact over a distinguished meeting than did Mrs. Francis at the opening of the club last week. Her official life in Washington has given her wide experience in such matters, and the first lady of the city may be depended upon for charming hostesship, privately and officially.

Yesterday's quietly fashionable wedding event was that of Miss Emma McKeen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. McKeen, and Mr. James L. Stuart, of Pittsburg, Pa. The ceremony was performed at the McKeen home in Delmar boulevard at 7 o'clock in the evening by Rev. Dr. J. F. Cannon, of the Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church. It was followed by an informal reception, after which the bride and groom left for a honeymoon trip before going to their Pittsburg home. The bride was attended by Mrs. Will Beck, of Chicago, as matron of honor, and Miss Helen Bartley as bridesmaid. Mr. Charles S. McKeen was Mr. Stuart's attendant. Master Lyle Stuart and Miss Virginia Parker were page and flower girl at the pretty wedding.

The Munsell-Turner wedding was the second of the society weddings of Wednesday. It was a very quiet affair, and immediately at the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Munsell left on their way to Honolulu, where Mr. Munsell has business engagements that will keep him away for six months.

Holiday Gifts

Christmas Stocks complete in every Department.

STERLING SILVER Manicure, Desk and Toilet Pieces.

QUADRUPLE SILVER Plated Toilet Sets, Candelabra, Bon-Bon Trays, Bread Trays, Crumb Trays and Scrapers and Fern Pots.

RODGER'S BROS. "1847" Knives, Forks and Spoons.

CUT GLASS, LEATHER GOODS, JEWELRY AND STATIONERY.

SPECIAL.

Finest Quality Quadruple Plated Bread Trays, Newest French Grey Finish and very Artistic Design, Special Price

\$1.98 each

**The PALACE**  
512 Locust St.  
THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

PHONE MAIN 676 A.  
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

Mme. Armand Peugeot has announced the engagement of her niece, Miss Mimi Berthold, to Mr. Samuel Bradley Gundy, of Toronto, Canada. Miss Berthold and her sister are making their home with Mme. Peugeot at the Grand Avenue Hotel. The wedding will be one of the early December events.

The marriage of Miss Emily Colladay to Mr. Albert W. Zollinger of California was quietly celebrated at Chicago last week. The bride is the last of the three handsome Colladay girls, one being the charming Mrs. Guido Pantaleoni and the other Mrs. Rufus Smith, who resides in Colorado, but is visiting Mrs. Pantaleoni this week.

Mrs. Charles Mullikin, who came on for the O'Fallon-McRea wedding last week, remained in town, the guest of Mrs. James J. O'Fallon.

Mr. and Mrs. Azby Chouteau have moved to a beautiful home at 519 Whittier street, where Mrs. Chouteau will preside as hostess of her family's many World's Fair guests.

The fashionables are eager patrons of the regular Saturday evening table-d'hôte dinners at the St. Louis Club, a series of which has just been inaugurated. An informal dance follows these pleasant little repasts, which are to be kept up during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gellhorn, bride and groom of last month, have returned from their wedding trip and are located in their new home on Washington boulevard.

Mrs. Crawford Duncan, of West Pine boulevard, is entertaining Miss Jessie Benton, a belle of Quincy, Ill. Several charming and novel entertainments will be given by Mrs. Duncan in honor of her guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Ferguson have moved into their elegant new home on McPherson and Boyle avenues, purchased of Dr. William C. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. James Garneau and their daughter, Marie, have returned to their home in Washington boulevard, after an absence of a year, spent in travel in the Far West.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. E. Thompson, who have been making an extended tour through Eastern Europe, have arrived in Paris, and expect to be in St. Louis about December 1st.

Miss J. I. Lea's scalp treatment, massage, shampooing; perfect and sanitary cure of the head and hair. Manicuring. Room 304, Century Building.

At the time of King Edward's recovery from his threatened fatal illness with appendicitis," says Dr. Lines, "thanksgiving services were held all over the kingdom. At one of these the services were to close with the singing of a well-known hymn, which happened to be in the back of the books used in that parish. 'Let us close the services,' the pastor said, 'by singing the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace"—in the appendix.' Now if you want peace, perfect peace, there's another way to get it. That is by wearing Swope's shoes. Swope's shoes are best, in fit, in finish, in durability, in price. Swope's shoes are sold only at Swope's, 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

*Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney*

DRESSMAKING  
Fine Tailoring

Our dressmaking and tailoring departments have rapidly increased in popularity.

Each garment we make is individual in style and the workmanship is the best. Attention given to all the minute details insures perfect satisfaction.

Selections of materials and trimmings are easily made from our broad assortments of domestic and foreign manufacture.

Never before have we been so well organized in these departments to execute all orders intrusted to us with a reasonable degree of promptness.

To insure the best service in our power to give you, we suggest an early appointment by telephone or letter with one of our expert designers, who will be pleased to consult with you regarding future plans.

WE MAKE THEM.  
WHAT?

UMBRELLAS,  
PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM  
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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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Gymnastics, Fencing, Dancing.

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

FALL TERM OPENS OCTOBER 5th.

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**TURKISH BATHS**

Exclusively for Ladies.  
Carleton Building,  
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STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

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Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Also Hair Dressing  
Formerly with Jean F. Mason.

KITTY MCCOOLE

After the theater, before the matinee  
or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to  
ladies for the quiet elegance of its ap-  
pointments, its superior cuisine and  
service and refined patronage.



## THEATRICAL

MR. CRANE'S NEW PLAY.

If Edward E. Rose had condensed Harry Wilson's novel, "The Spenders," into a curtain-raiser, he would have given to the stage a pretty conceit. Strung out into four long acts, it moved over the Olympic stage last Monday night in a moribund state in the last three acts. The *Peter Bines* of Mr. W. H. Crane, as a sketch, would do very well, but *Peter* as a three hours' diet, even when dished up by the best character actor in the business, is too much for ordinary taste. No fault is to be found with Mr. Crane's acting. His character drawing is as fine as we remember it in his delightful creation of "David Harum;" it's just the play that is "no good." After the first act there is nothing left for the imagination. You know what is going to happen when *Peter* goes to New York after his love-stricken grandson, *Peter the Second*. He takes you right into his secret, when he strikes the bargain with *Rulon Shepler* to "do" the aforesaid grandson. He might leave you something to speculate on as to the method of how this grandson should be "done;" but you know in advance, for who doesn't know of those "fossil" tricks of "ye inside fools" in Wall street? Then, when *Peter*, the elder, inadvertently strikes a happy climax near the close of the third act, with which he might bring the thing to a decent end, he takes you through an impossible and wearisome "trunk" scene in the fourth. George S. Spencer's *Peter Percival Bines* is a stick, even in the small scope that is given him. Lucille Flaven's *Avice Milbrey* comes nearer being natural than any other part in the play, and the young woman impersonates the city-bred girl as some of us imagine her. Dashing Olive May, who played *Psyche Bines* in the original cast, has a graceful successor in Marion Johnson, but her role is scarcely above the mediocre. Mr. Crane is too good an actor to bore himself to death in "The Spenders," which will never live in the memories of his friends as does "David Harum." Of late luck has not been kind to Mr. Crane in giving him a work worthy of his splendid capabilities as the greatest living character actor of the American stage. The gurgling chuckle from several hundred male throats, when *Peter Bines* breaks out into such exclamations as "hell" and "damn" is no indication that the play is funny. Spontaneous laughter, such as greets clever wit and humor, comes mighty seldom in "The Spenders." The name, *Peter*, seems ominous to Mr. Crane's success. His "Peter Stuyvesant" a few years ago had to be shelved before half the season was over. Beware of *Peter*, Mr. Crane, and find another David!

Charles Frohman will present for one week, beginning on Monday evening, November 16, at the Olympic Theater, Clyde Fitch's greatest comedy of wit and sentiment, called "The Girl with the Green Eyes," and written to supply a leading role for Clara Bloodgood, especially adapted to her unique and brilliant art and fascinating personality. Mrs.

Bloodgood's support are Robert Drouet and Jessie Busley.

The "Hot Time Minstrels" will give the first of their annual performances next Friday night at the Odéon. The second, on Saturday night, will be a repetition of the programme. The "Hot Timers," suave, tuneful and fashionable, never fail to draw everybody who is anybody to their annual feast of sport. They would do this, if they were only fashionable, but they are more—the cleverest amateur society minstrels in America. A look over the roster of these swells is enough to tickle the palate of the "Four Hundred." Analyzing this roster, brings out the names of such good singers as Edgar Lackland, Trabue Pittman, Dewey Hickey, "Stephe" Martin, Jim Stanley, Joe Buse; in fact, all the minstrels are sweet of voice, even if they are not all solo singers.

The feature of the performance, introduced in the minstrel part, will be Edgar Lackland's entrance upon the stage in a baby carriage, dressed in baby toggery, golden curls and all. Eugene F. Kehoe will be the negro "mammy," who will bowl "baby" Lackland along its way. The "baby" act will be appropriately carried to the end by the appearance of the pretty outfit at the club's door to look for "baby's" papa. The fun will not be slow, that will be evolved out of this bit of the interesting programme.

"Mr. Bluebeard" and his aerial ballet are continuing at the Century Theater this week, doing an enormous business. While the play is all spectacular, that "all" is so elaborate and wonderful, that one can see it over and over again to feast the eye, if not the ear. At no time in the history of the stage in St. Louis has there been on sight a more gorgeous and swiftly shifting panorama of scenic craft than in "Mr. Bluebeard."

For the first time since its original production six years ago "The Sign of the Cross" can be seen at popular prices at the Grand Opera House this week. The cheapening of prices has by no means resulted in a deteriorated cast, which is one of the best, if not the original, that ever appeared in Wilson Barrett's semi-religious play. The Catholic clergy, the Protestant ministry, from bishops to curates, have endorsed "The Sign of the Cross" as an elevating stage piece, from a view of which no one can depart without a sense of veneration. Records are being broken at every performance at the Grand this week. Next week that clever accumulation of talent, Ward and Vokes, will present their latest novelty, "Pair of Pinks," at the Grand.

The emotions are stirred from beginning to end in "A Ruined Life," which is the offering at the Imperial Theater this week. Clara Thropp, whose voice touches the heart, and whose stage finery dazzles the eye, plays the leading rôle in this sensational drama which is lifted far above the mediocre by her splendid work and the support of her company. The play is staged with real truth to life, especially in the gypsy camp in the first act. Next week Howard

## MEN'S UNDERWEAR STORE

WE SATISFY  
THOSE WHO NEED IT

Most men have had disappointments in their Underwear experiences, because they do not know textiles and their particular virtue, neither did the store—that's where the disappointment started.

Our claim of extraordinary underwear attainments is verified by the variety of textures; their dependability and the completeness of weights and sizes, so that one finds here just their special requirement.

In addition, we make underwear to order of any fabric and in all qualities, guaranteeing perfection in workmanship and fit.

Prices range from \$1 and up to \$20 the garment.

Werner Bros.

The Republic Building,  
On Olive Street at Seventh.

LAST OF THE SEASON.

\$6.00

CINCINNATI  
EXCURSION

VIA

Big Four

SATURDAY, NOV. 14th

Get Tickets Broadway and Chestnut and Union Station.

CARMODY'S,  
213 N. Eighth St.  
FINEST LIQUORS  
THAT'S ALL.

Hall's, "The Man Who Dared" will be presented at the Imperial for the first time in St. Louis.

Prof. Peter Schick's World's Fair Juvenile Band gave the second of its concerts at the Odéon last Sunday afternoon. Nothing could be more interesting than a picture of these one hundred boy musicians, in gray and red uniforms, with shining instruments half their size, which they play with grace and precision. Some of them are real good soloists besides. Signor Enrico

"The King's Highway."

TO THE  
GATEWAYS OF COMMERCE  
THROUGH THE  
CENTERS OF POPULATION,

adding greatly to the interest of your journey, without increasing its expense beyond what you would expect to pay for the "best," which you secure if you travel by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

A Copy of "Four-Track Series" No. 13, "Urban Population in 1900," will be sent free, on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River R. R., Grand Central Station, New York.

CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO  
AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Typewriting Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)



Campobello was good enough to repeat his interpolation of the bravura aria of "The Barber of Seville," and some German ballads, and Miss Jennie Krone, sang the "Freischuetz" aria and two pretty songs.

Brilliant work was done by the German Stock Company of the Odéon last Sunday night in the production of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," (Maid of Orleans), in commemoration of the great poet's birth. It seems incredible that such a production should be realized in so short a time, a week at best, of study, scenic preparation and costuming. But it was done, and in a manner that places the Heinemann-Welb workmen in the front ranks of dramatic producers in America. To-night the company will appear in "Ledige Ehemann," (Single Benedicts), the latest farce-comedy in three acts, evolved from the clever pen of Leo Walter Stein and Arthur Lippshitz.

At Director Couturier's band concert at the Odéon Friday night, November 20, he will introduce Mme. Grace Ross Couturier, eminent dramatic soprano, for the first time to a St. Louis audience. The Couturier concert is the second big musical event which takes place at the Odéon this season. Seven soloists are engaged to appear with the band.

Society is interested in the coming production of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," by the School of Opera, which is almost up in the score of chorus and principal numbers, and ready for dress rehearsal. The opera will be handsomely mounted and richly costumed.

Harry Bryant's Burlesquers are drawing big crowds to the Standard this week. The leading feature of the show this year is the Japanese troupe of acrobats. Next week Reilly & Woods' big show, one of the greatest vaudeville attractions ever seen in St. Louis, will be the bill.

The Lindsley School of Dramatic Art inaugural performance of the present season will be given at the Odeon on Tuesday evening, November 17th. A feast of good things will be provided. First on the programme is the strong emotional drama in one act, by Slingsby Lawrence, adapted from the French of Madame de Girardin, "La Joie Fait Peur," entitled "Light at Last." This will be followed by one of the cleverest three-act comedies ever written, "A Modern Ananias," by J. A. Fraser, Jr. The situations into which the various characters are dragged through the mendacity of the hero are so intensely absurd in themselves, and he shows such wit and invention in extricating himself and them, until he is finally involved in a hopeless mass of tergiversation, that the play is absolutely certain to provoke roars of laughter from beginning to end. The following pupils will appear: Margaret Hagan Bell, Estelle Gouldin, Edith Ham-buechen, Eva E. Tracy, Frank J. Lipp, Elliott J. Seams, J. Collier Marshall, Nelson L. Protheroe and Hugh B. Keel. A special musical programme will form a feature of the evening. Tickets are

now on sale at Bollman Bros.' music store, 1120 Olive street.

### ARTISTIC FURNISHINGS

A wave of "antiquity" is surging over society at present, and especially is this true in its selection of furniture and various household decorations. Quaint, old-fashioned toilet tables of satin wood, inlaid in pearl and hand-painted, are now being displayed in the large emporiums. Gothic oak chairs, hand-carved (imported from France), unique escretoires, writing tables and curio cabinets, all bear the stamp "antique."

Immense plaques representing art of ancient Greece and Rome are just now the *piece de resistance* of elegance. Electroleers are more and more assuming Japanese shapes, their brilliant hued shades producing odd effects reflected in the matting or center piece. Morgie agate fashioned in vases, curious and intricate of formation, are dainty bits of bric-a-brac proving quite irresistible. Exquisitely beautiful capademento pieces elaborate in design are among the most admired of vase wares. Holland, Amsterdam, England France, Japan and other foreign countries contribute to the collection of oddities, Japan's copper and brass attracting widespread attention. Old candelabra and combined firearms are eliciting ohs and ahs of admiration from the ladies, and beautiful figures in high art from far-off Vienna are ranged in such wise as to at once appeal to the aesthete and make his or her heart (principally the latter) long to be the proud possessor of at least one of the graceful figures.

Do you wish to behold these works of art in bewildering profusion? Then visit Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney's art floor, for here in gorgeous array are all the elegancies afforded of Occident and Orient. You will be rendered courteous service. It is assured you that none of these ornaments can be duplicated, nor can the oddities in furniture. Your visit will be to you as a trip through fairyland.

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Some days ago two little fellows of seven or eight years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The seven-year-old listened intently to the conversation, when the elder boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly:

"You don't know what a skeleton is; I do."

"So do I!" replied the younger. "I know. I know for certain, I do."

"Well, now, what is it?"

"It's bones with the people off!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Floorwalker: "I'm very sorry, madam, but I can't exchange this hat for you."

Mrs. Smithson: "But my husband to get a divorce."—*Syracuse Herald.*

Floorwalker: "Then I'd advise you doesn't like it."

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## WAYS OF THE DEAD BEAT

An Atlantic City bartender contributes this to the symposium exploiting the dead-beat: "A man comes in the other day and says: 'Give me a glass of beer.' I draws the beer, sets it before him and he says: 'That's too big. Give me a short one.' I draws him a short one and he looks at it suspicious-like. 'That ain't good beer,' he says, holding it up to the light. 'Will you exchange it for a drink of whiskey?' 'Sure,' I says, and sets out the bottle and glasses. He drinks the whisky and starts for the door. 'Come back and settle,' I says. He comes back all right, but says: 'I don't owe you anything. You exchanged that drink of whisky for the short beer.' 'That's right,' says I, 'but you didn't pay for the short beer.' 'I know,' he says, 'but I gave you the large beer for it.' 'But you didn't pay for the large beer,' I says. 'I didn't drink it,' says he, and begins to laugh. Well, say, he had me all right, and I had to laugh, too. I gave him a quarter and told him to go across the street and work the same game over there. He took the quarter and then says: 'I've worked that place already. The bartender over there gave me a quarter to come over here and try the game on you!'"



## THE GAME

She plays her game with a ready hand  
And a steady hand and true;  
She marked her man,  
When the game began,  
And she knows him through and through.

Nothing to win, and nothing to lose,  
And nothing to choose or care!  
A kiss for the stakes,  
And if his heart breaks,  
She is only playing fair.

A smile, a rose, and a maddened fool,  
A saddened fool—and wise!  
And the woman won!  
The game is done—  
Dear God! the look in her eyes!

But ah! Time was ere the woman would,  
Ere the woman could, and now  
She owes her skill  
To the careless will  
Of the man who taught her how!  
—Ethel M. Kelley, in the *Smart Set*.



## OTHER WORLDS TO CONQUER

Rose: "I think, Clarence, we had better move to another hotel."  
Clarence: "Why, Rose, we are delightfully situated."  
Rose: "I know, Clarence, but the people here have seen all my silk waists."—*Town and Country*.



A well-known landscape painter was busy "dashing in" the colors of a sunset in the country. The tints were hurriedly conveyed from tube to palette, and from palette to canvas, for the artist was anxious to catch the effect. A rustic standing by observed the operation for a little while, and then remarked: "Ah, you be a-painting two pictures at

once. That's clever." He paused a moment, and blurted out: "I like that picture best—the one you've got your thumb through."



## GRAVEYARD PLAYGROUNDS

One of the interesting matters in the improvement of London, which has been going on for some years, is the conversion of old graveyards into playgrounds for the children. In Marylebone and Southwark and Bunhill Fields places of sepulture long disused for burial are devoted to such use. It is odd enough to see the children playing leapfrog over monuments, which still stand, although all the mounds have been leveled. The usual way in this country has been to remove the remains of those whose descendants, if there be any, care to have it done, and to rebury them in some burial place yet unthreatened by the advance of the city. In some instances the headstones are then cleared away and the place graded and transformed into a park for children or for old people, as a few years ago in the East side of New York city.



## AN OPENWORK ACCIDENT

The man who was hit by a trolley car in upper Broadway the other day refused to enter a complaint against the motorman, taking all the blame upon himself. "It was one of those open-work accidents," he said. "What do you mean? The subway ditch?" he was asked by the policeman who picked him up. "Not a bit of it. I turned around to look at an open-work stocking that a pretty girl was exposing, and the car struck me. Blame it on the stocking."—*New York Press*.



## THE WILY SYMPATHIZER

The animals," Eve sighed and said, "I haven't counted since we've had 'em."  
The cunning serpent bent his head  
And smiled, "Let Adam add 'em, madam."

—Judge.



In a divorce case now on trial in New York one of the co-respondents was confronted on the witness stand with an incriminating letter which the defendant wife was alleged to have written to him, but which he denied ever having received.

"If you had received the letter, you wouldn't admit it, would you?" asked counsel for the contestant husband.

"I certainly would. I'm under oath," said the witness.

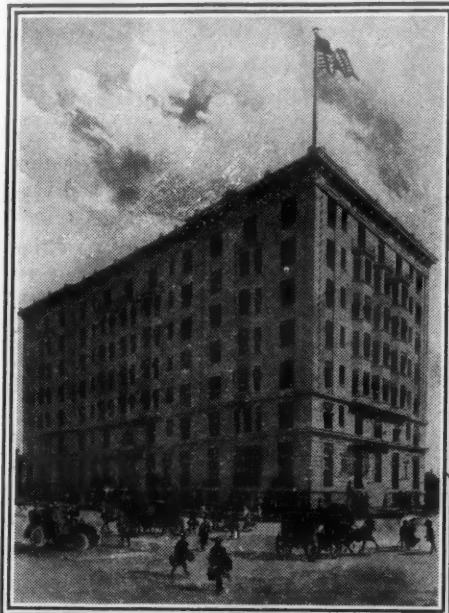
"Do you consider an oath more important than sacrificing a woman's good name?"

"An oath is inviolate."

"And you call yourself a gentleman?" shrieked the attorney.

"I do."

Which recalls the somewhat famous case of Mordaunt, in which the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII testified directly to the contrary as to the duty of a gentleman under such circumstances.—*Boston Herald*.



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## WOMEN STARS EARN MOST

"By Jove!" said the young man as they left the theater, "to think that fellow gets \$250 a week for doing that! Here I work for seven hours a day, and have been at it for ten years, and I don't make that much in a month. It's the greatest snap in the world to be an actor. Think of it—\$250 a week!"

This young man voiced the general opinion of persons who are not familiar with the conditions under which actors work. Those who know what they earn and what they have to do to earn it, do not deny that they are as a body greatly overpaid; but they also take into consideration facts which the general public is likely to overlook.

Thus the ordinary actor is not employed for more than thirty-five weeks in the year, and in many cases the period is shorter. Indeed, there are few actors who stand so high in their profession that they can compel managers to engage them absolutely for a whole season. They are always, unless they are stars, subject to the two weeks' notice clause.

This provision is, of course, necessary for theatrical managers who might be ruined by being compelled to carry an expensive company over the country for a whole season when the business was poor.

Then the demand for a certain kind of actors is great. Young men of good presence to play leading roles are not numerous, nor are there enough women with notable charm of manner and personality to supply the immense demand that has grown up during recent years for actresses.

The women stars are the most profitable to-day, and by that is meant the women who are really stars in the old-fashioned sense of the word. Women like Maude Adams, Mrs. Carter, Minnie Fiske, Annie Russell, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Langtry and Henrietta Crosman are sure of large profits, whatever their plays may be. One year their earnings may be \$15,000 and the next twice that sum, but they are in any case beyond the chance of having their careers suddenly ended because their plays fail.

The two most popular actresses in this country are Maude Adams and Mrs. Carter, and their earnings during the last five years have been enormous. Mrs. Carter is under salary to David Belasco, just as Maude Adams is to Charles Frohman, and in addition to their fixed salaries they receive a percentage.

Viola Allen, when she became a star with the Liebler company, was not looked upon by other managers as an especially promising proposition. She had a larger degree of confidence in herself than the managers had in her, for by her contract with the Lieblers she arranged for a salary of only \$100 a week, but she got a large percentage of the profits.

Every play she appeared in was a success, and out of "The Christian" alone she earned more than \$150,000. "In the Palace of the King," "The Eternal City," and "The Hunchback" were all immensely profitable for her. Now she

is so well established that she can act whenever she wants to, and in her revival of "Twelfth Night" this year she is to finance her own company and be her own manager.

Mrs. Carter, unlike Miss Allen, does not take a large percentage and a small salary. She now gets from David Belasco \$1400 a week and a share of the profits—naturally no large share, as her manager takes on himself the financial burden of the performances in which she appears. The Carter plays have been so successful during the last four seasons that even a small share of the profits represents a large weekly income.

Maude Adams has probably never cleared less than \$50,000 a year since her first season in "The Little Minister." By her contract with Charles Frohman she gets a fixed salary of \$500 a week and about 50 per cent of the profits. And any other manager would be glad to take the contract off Mr. Frohman's hands.

Miss Adams has an enormous following throughout the country, and even in a little play like "Quality Street," which is an inexpensive production, her business in New York City kept up to an average of \$19,000 a week for five weeks. Mrs. Carter usually has the assistance of an elaborate production.

Annie Russell, another of Charles Frohman's stars, has a salary of \$500 a week and a small share in the profits. Ethel Barrymore, who during her first years as a star acted for Mr. Frohman for only \$80 a week, now has a salary of \$300 and a small percentage. In these cases Mr. Frohman, of course, takes all the risks, secures the plays and produces them, and the actress posing as the star of the company has only to draw her salary.

Mrs. Langtry pays her company, produces her play—that is to say, she buys scenery and costumes—and gives half her profits to the syndicate for booking her tour and running the business end of her enterprises. The managers supply her business staff, press agent, etc., which they can well afford to do, besides booking her tour.

Miss Marlowe, who is the producer of her own plays, is in partnership with Charles Dillingham, who has also the management of Maxine Elliott and Millie James, stars differing considerably in glory from Miss Marlowe. Mrs. Fiske selects her plays, hires her company, puts up whatever the necessary amount of money may be, and, like the other actresses mentioned, takes all the profits.

Henrietta Crosman, who follows the same arrangement, does not even have to hire a manager, since her husband acts for her. Elsie de Wolfe in her attempts to be a star is her own capitalist and takes all the profits.

Among the women who are not stars the compensation is almost as great as it is for those whose names are on the three sheets, although they never under any circumstances get any share of the profits. Margaret Anglin is said to get the largest salary ever paid to a leading woman of the Empire Theater, and that is \$800 a week. Miss Anglin is soon to be a star, and it is doubtful if her earnings next year, when she is to begin her career, will be much larger for the first year anyhow.

W. H. Crane, Nat Goodwin and E. H. Sothern are really their own managers, although their tours are directed by some managers who get a small percentage of the receipts. J. K. Hackett and Richard Mansfield are openly their own managers, and pay no percentage,

but a salary, to the business managers that they hire.

William Faversham, Charles Richman and Robert Edeson receive weekly salaries of \$300 and a percentage of the profits, and the management, of course, assumes all risk. John Drew has the same kind of arrangements with Charles Frohman, although his salary and percentage are, of course, much larger, and his earnings depend in a large measure on the quality of his play. When he has a good one his earnings may be large, but when they are bad they are horrid.

Robert Hilliard earns so much more in vaudeville than in the regular theaters that he plays in it most of the year. His regular salary in dramatic productions is \$200, but he is not often engaged in this kind of work.

Wilton Lackaye is one of the actors who hold out for a large salary and never act until they get it. Consequently, he acts only with Amelia Bingham, who engages the most expensive companies of any manager, or with J. K. Hackett.

Aubrey Boucicault can always get \$300, but William Courtleigh, notwithstanding his good looks, has not yet reached the \$200 mark.

John Mason is one of the men who received more salary a few years ago than to-day. Now he is to be engaged for \$150 a week, and he received less while leading man at Daly's under Daniel Frohman.

These figures refer, of course, to only thirty or thirty-five weeks of the year. But even under those conditions, the popular actors of the stage make their money easily.—*Kansas City Star*.

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## WHISTLER'S MARRIAGE

Mr. Labouchere of *Truth* is a daring man. He recently confessed to have acted as matchmaker between the late gifted and eccentric artist, James McNeil Whistler, and the lady who became his wife, but who was at the time a charming little widow of artistic tastes, happy-go-lucky ways and sunny disposition.

The two were known to be strongly attracted toward each other and to have already talked in a vague, far-off, Elysian way of possible matrimony, but it was perfectly plain that Whistler would never do anything so practical and commonplace as definitely to propose and be accepted, get a license, go to church and be married unless some kind friend took him in hand. Besides, it was touch and go with his temper and his tongue how he might treat any kind friend who should attempt the service. Mr. Labouchere took the risk. He was dining with them one evening, and decided to bring things to the point at once.

"Jemmy," said he, "will you marry Mrs. Goodwin?"

"Certainly," answered Whistler.

"Mrs. Goodwin," the bold matchmaker continued, "will you marry Jemmy?"

"Certainly," responded the lady.

"When?" persisted the practical Labouchere.

"Oh, some day," said Whistler.

"That won't do," said Labouchere. "We must have a date."

"So they both agreed," he narrates, "that I should choose the day, tell them what church to come to for the ceremony, provide a clergyman and give the bride away. I fixed an early date and got them the chaplain of the House of Commons to perform the ceremony. It took place a few days later. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to Whistler's studio, where he had prepared a banquet. The banquet was on the table, but there were no chairs, so we sat on packing cases. The happy pair when I left had not quite decided whether they would go that evening to Paris or remain in the studio.

"How impractical they were was shown when I happened to meet the bride the day before the marriage in the street. 'Don't forget to-morrow,' I said.

"No," she answered, 'I am just going to buy my trousseau.'

"A little late for that, is it not?" I asked.

"No," she answered, 'for I am only going to buy a tooth brush and a new sponge.'

"However, there never was a more successful marriage. They adored each other and lived most happily together, and when she died he was broken hearted. Indeed, he never recovered from the loss."—*Youth's Companion*.



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50 Eastman's Brownie No. 2 Cameras, regular price \$2.00, sale price...**\$1.75**  
10 Cyclone Cameras (old models, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4, worth \$8.00, sale price...**\$2.95**  
25 Buckeye Film Cameras, 4x5, worth \$12.00, sale price...**\$4.75**  
Anti-Trust Papers—Argo, Syko, Rotox and Kruzo—  
3 1/2 x 3 1/2 at (dozen) .....**10c**  
4x5 at (dozen) .....**15c**  
3 1/2 x 4 1/4 at (dozen) .....**12c**  
5x7 at (dozen) .....**25c**  
The American Film for Kodaks—  
Brownie at (roll) .....**10c**  
Brownie No. 2 (roll) .....**18c**  
3 1/2 x 3 1/2 at (roll) .....**27c**  
4x5 at (roll) .....**40c**

## CARD SALE—PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.

All sizes up to and including 4x5, worth 10c, at (dozen) **5c**.  
M. Q. Developer and Tubes at (each) **3c**  
Acid Hypo, worth 15c, at .....**5c**  
4x5 Trays at (each) .....**10c**  
Oil Lamps, with double glass, worth 75c, at (each) .....**40c**  
3.2x3.2, (dozen) .....**15c**  
4x5 at (dozen) .....**27c**  
5x7 at (dozen) .....**50c**  
Full line of Seed Cramer and Hammer Plates at regular prices.

## REMEMBER:

We make a specialty of finishing for amateurs.  
Film and plates developed (dozen)...**25c**  
Prints finished on Argo or Rotox, at (each) .....**4c**

## DYP-80-MINE.

(The Royal Liquor Cure)  
Odorless Colorless Tasteless  
A Guaranteed Liquor Cure  
NO CURE, NO PAY.  
Price, \$1.00 per box, or 6 boxes for \$5.00

## DRUGS AND PHARMACEUTICALS.

Quinine, P. & W., ounce bottle...**47c**  
M. T. Capsules, all sizes, box 100...**5c**  
Quinine Pills, 2-grain, bottle 100...**10c**  
Quinine Pills, 3-grain, bottle 100...**27c**  
Peroxide of Hydrogen, 1/2-lb bottle...**9c**  
Phosphate Soda, pure, per lb...**9c**  
Glycerine, chemically pure, per lb...**19c**  
Epsom Salts, pure, per lb...**3c**  
Powdered Borax, pure, per lb...**10c**  
Powdered Alum, per lb...**7c**  
Fl. Sulphur, per lb...**5c**

## RUBBER SPONGES.

No. 1—3 1/4 x 2 1/4 x 1 1/4 .....**50c**  
No. 2—4 x 2 3/4 x 1 1/4 .....**75c**  
No. 3—4 1/4 x 3 1/4 x 1 1/4 .....**\$1.00**  
No. 4—5 x 3 1/4 x 2 .....**\$1.50**  
No. 5—5 1/4 x 3 3/4 x 2 1/4 .....**\$1.75**  
No. 6—6 1/4 x 4 1/4 x 2 3/4 .....**\$2.00**  
No. 7—7 x 4 1/2 x 2 1/2 .....**\$2.50**

Rubber Sponge Cuttings, a variety of shapes and sizes—good, big pieces—your choice at .....**25c**

## PERFUMERY DEPARTMENT.

Houbigant's Ideal Extract (in original package) .....**\$3.47**  
Houbigant's Ideal Face Powder, per box .....**\$2.75**  
Houbigant's Ideal Soap, per cake...**\$1.75**  
Pinaud's Foscornia (new), per oz...**50c**  
Pinaud's Lilac de France Toilet Water .....**57c**  
Violet (vee-o-lay) Extract Parnase, per ounce .....**\$1.23**  
Our late importation from Paris included a full line of the FAMOUS SOCIETE HYGIENIQUE perfume, and to introduce them we will sell for one week only ALL ODORS which have always sold for \$1.25 and \$1.50 per ounce, at .....**60c**  
Mellier's "Florescence" Extracts, at (per ounce) .....**\$1.00**  
ROGER & GALLET'S  
Vera Violette, reg. \$1.00 per oz...**65c**  
Violette De Parme, reg. 1.00 per ounce .....**65c**  
Peau De Espagne, reg. \$1.00 per ounce .....**65c**  
Fixer's La Trefle Incarnate, reg. \$1.00 ounce .....**60c**

## STATIONERY DEPARTMENT.

Special sale of Box Papers (Whiting's) regular 35c and 50c per box, cut to, box .....**23c**

## PATENT MEDICINES.

Peruna, reg. \$1.00 .....**77c**  
Duffy's Malt Whiskey, reg. \$1.00 .....**77c**  
Juando Malt Whiskey, reg. \$1.00 .....**75c**  
Hostetter's Bitters, reg. \$1.00 .....**77c**  
Gude's Pepto Mangan, reg. \$1.00 .....**83c**  
Pinkham's Compound, reg. \$1.00 .....**77c**  
Wine Cardui, reg. \$1.00 .....**77c**  
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, reg. \$1.00 .....**83c**  
Bull's Cough Syrup, reg. 25c .....**20c**  
Bell's Pine Tar Honey, reg. 25c...**20c**  
Piso's Consumption Cure, reg. 25c...**20c**  
Bonimel, for Coughs (best in the world) .....**25c**  
Quinets, cure a cold in one day...**15c**  
Hydrolin, reg. \$1.00 .....**83c**  
Scott's Emulsion, 42c and .....**77c**  
Fellow's Syrup Hypophosphites...**\$1.13**  
Syrup of Figs, reg. 50c .....**37c**  
De Lacey's Cin-Ko-Na and Iron, reg. \$1.00 .....**83c**  
Sanury, for the Kidneys, reg. \$1.00...**83c**  
Munyon's Paw-Paw, reg. \$1.00 .....**83c**  
Listerine, small, 19c; large .....**65c**  
Carter's Little Liver Pills, 18c; 2 for...**35c**  
Ayer's Pills, 18c; 2 for .....**35c**  
Simm's Little Liver Pills, 40 pills for .....**10c**  
Something for the men who shave themselves; genuine Porpoise Combination Swing Razor Strop; retail the world over for 75c; our price...**35c**  
Hard Rubber, set and bound, box-wood handle Lather Brushes, the kind all barbers use; reg. price 65c; our price .....**35c**

Williams' Shaving Soap, reg. 10c per cake .....**5c**

Williams' Shaving Sticks, reg. 25c...**15c**  
Colgate's Shaving Soap, reg. 10c...**8c**  
Imported Bay Rum, per pint .....**50c**  
Bailey's Complexion Brushes, reg. 50c .....**34c**  
Prophylactic Tooth Brushes .....**23c**  
Sanitol Tooth Brushes .....**23c**  
The "Ivy" Pocket Nail File and Cuticle Knife, reg. 35c .....**10c**  
The "Ivy" Pocket Nail Clip, worth 50c .....**23c**  
All Wire Sponge Holders, worth 10c...**3c**  
Ladies' Shopping Bags, worth 35c...**10c**

## THEATRICAL SUPPLIES.

We carry a full line of both Hess and Myer's goods, including Grease Paints, Powders, Cold Cream, etc.

## OUR NEW LIQUOR DEPT.

This department is fast growing to be one of our leading features.

We carry ALL of the well-known Brands of Whiskies, Gins, Brandies, Cordials, etc., and at prices that it will pay you to investigate! (Whiskies):  
Autocrat Rye, reg. \$1.50 .....**1.23**  
Sherwood Rye, reg. \$1.50 .....**1.23**  
Jas. E. Pepper (orig.), reg. \$1.50...**1.23**

## EXTRA FOR THIS WEEK.

The celebrated JESS KRAMER RYE, regular \$1.50 .....**98c**

Billy Lee's Old Crow, reg. \$1.75...**1.23**  
Green River, reg. \$1.50 .....**1.10**  
Cascade, reg. \$1.75 .....**1.23**  
Hunter's Rye, reg. \$1.75 .....**1.23**  
Canadian Club, reg. \$1.75 .....**1.23**  
Wilson Rye, reg. \$1.75 .....**1.23**

SCOTCH WHISKIES—  
White Horse, reg. \$2.00 .....**1.42**  
King William, reg. \$2.50 .....**1.99**  
Dewar's (John), reg. \$2.00 .....**1.42**  
Risk's reg. \$1.75 .....**1.23**  
Esher's, reg. \$1.75 .....**1.23**

BRANDIES—  
Otard Dupuy (3 Star), reg. \$2.50...**1.72**  
Martel's Cognac, reg. \$3.00 .....**1.98**  
Montel's Cognac, reg. \$3.00 .....**1.98**

RUMS—  
London Dock (Jam.), reg. \$1.75...**1.42**  
New England, reg. \$1.25 .....**98c**  
St. Croix, reg. \$1.75 .....**1.23**  
We also carry a full line of Cordials, Cocktails, Gins, etc.

## SENSATIONAL CIGAR SALE.

The only real cut ever made on the LA BELLE CREOLE Cigars; regular 10c—5c straight; only fifty thousand at this price.

We also have an overstock of GENUINE MANILA CIGARS, and will close them out at 3 for 10c.

These goods are equal in flavor to high-grade Havanas.

For a short smoke of the highest quality try our EMILIO LOPEZ HAVANA CIGARS. "Short, but sweet."

Three for 10c.

Some of our regular "every-day" prices:

La Preferencia, Barrister, Tom Moore, Belmonts, General Arthur

Reg. 10c .....**4 for 25 cents**

## RUBBER GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Most complete of its kind in the city, and in charge of a most competent lady attendant. A private salesroom.

## THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL OFFERINGS

The "Goodyear Special" Hot Water Bottle, reg. price \$1.50 .....**65c**

"Keystone" Fountain Syringe, Reg. price \$1.75 .....**95c**

Rubber Gloves, regular \$1.25 .....**98c**

Rubber Aprons, regular \$1.35 .....**95c**

Rubber Diapers, regular \$1.25 .....**95c**

Silk-covered Water Bottles .....**\$2.00**

Silk-covered Toilet Cases .....**\$3.50**

Nipsic Fountain Syringe, rapid flow .....**\$2.00**

Bed Pans of various kinds, from (each) \$1.00 to .....**\$10.00**

Dr. Deimel's Abdominal Belts ....**\$3.50**  
Woven Elastic Belts .....**\$3.50**

Marvel "Whirling Spray" Syringe  
Reg. price \$3.50 .....**\$2.98**

All goods in this department guaranteed.

## OUR PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT.

It is here we specialize. We have the confidence of the physicians, and our prescription trade has grown rapidly every month. The utmost care, backed by long and intimate experience in this branch of pharmacy, insures getting exactly what your prescription calls for. No delays, no substituting—a perfect service, perfectly supplementing the efforts of your physician. Few stores are equipped as we are for this important work.

Let us fill your next prescription.

## TOILET ARTICLES.

Levy La Blanche Face Powder, regular 50c .....**30c**  
Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, regular 50c .....**34c**  
Espey's Cream, reg. 25c .....**12c**  
Woodbury's Face Powder, reg. 25c...**15c**  
Woodbury's Facial Cream, reg. 25c...**18c**  
Woodbury's Dental Cream, reg. 25c...**18c**

## BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS.

15c Per Pack—Two for 35c.

## STAFFORD, MILLER'S LATEST CREATIONS—VERY FINE.

Florida Water, reg. 65c .....**42c**  
Bulgarian Rose Toilet water (Oriental) reg. 50c .....**35c**  
Century Bloom Face Powder, reg. 50c .....**35c**

## DELICON.

Is a skin preserver. It whitens and softens harsh, rough skin, and almost instantly eases the stinging, burning sensation produced by rough weather and winds. Its occasional use will prevent chapping and produce a fair, soft skin. DELICON is not "sticky" or "gummy," and is in every way a delightful, satisfactory preparation to use. Large bottle.....**25c**

Milliken's Talcum Powder, regular 15c .....**5c**

## FINE SOAPS.

Savon Lucia de Lorme (imp.) Toilet Soap; reg. 75c box; our price, box...**18c**  
Procter & Gamble's Tar Soap, reg. 10c; our price, cake .....**4c**  
Packer's Tar Soap, reg. 25c .....**15c**  
Woodbury's Facial Soap, reg. 25c...**15c**  
Williams' Shaving Soap, reg. 10c cake...**5c**  
Shah of Persia Glycerine Soap; reg. 50c cake, our price, cake .....**25c**  
Societe Hygienique Soap; reg. 50c; cake .....**27c**

## TOOTH PREPARATIONS.

Graves' Tooth Powder, reg. 25c...**14c**  
Enthymol Tooth Paste, reg. 25c...**12c**  
Sanitol Tooth Powder, reg. 25c...**16c**  
Sanitol Tooth Paste, reg. 25c...**16c**  
Sanitol Tooth Liquid, reg. 50c...**31c**  
Dentacura Tooth Paste, reg. 25c...**18c**  
Zonweiss Tooth Paste, reg. 26c...**12c**  
Arnica Tooth Soap, reg. 25c...**15c**  
Roger & Gallet's Tooth Paste, regular 50c .....**28c**  
Roger & Gallet's Tooth Wash, regular 75c .....**47c**  
Rubifoam .....**16c**  
Bonidont, reg. 50c .....**35c**

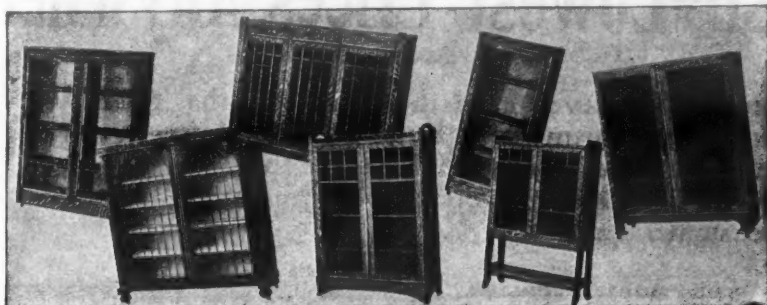
# THE JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO.

515 OLIVE STREET.



## SPECIAL BOOK CASE SALE

OUR 64th YEAR



A Beautiful \$30 Qr. Oak Case, \$23.50  
45 in. wide, 58 in. high; polished

Library Tables, Easy Chairs, Couches  
Gunn Sectional Book Cases  
Better Finished; Better Made Than Others  
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS  
SUPERLATIVE WORKMANSHIP

Searritt-Comstock Furniture Co.



WE SHOW  
DOUBLE THE  
STYLES OF  
DINING  
SUITS  
THEY ARE  
WORTH LOOKING AT  
IN SPECIAL  
DEPARTMENT

## NOT MISSOURIENNES

Mister Jewell Mayes, a writer of sturdy and scintillating English, has stumbled upon a new phrase, or, speaking with more accuracy, has coined a new word of description. In undertaking the impossible task of picturing, in cold, pulseless type, the Missouri woman he has employed the word "Missourienne." Mister Hayes is a bit jubilant over the new word as limning an old type. It has some merit, it will be admitted. Missourienne comes trippingly on the tongue. It has the swish and whirl of ball-room gown. It suggests piquancy and dainty femininity which is the property of every Missouri woman.

There is another side, however, and the balance of argument is, in our opinion, against the new and catchy word. It is imitation, and, therefore, does not appropriately apply. The women of Missouri are not imitation. They are real. Moreover, Missourienne suggests spangles and sawdust and Parisian costuming. "Mademoiselle Olympe Otero, the Missourienne," has the euphony of a circus poster. Finally, brother, Missourian is good enough for a Missourian, man or woman. If distinguishing emphasis is desired, put the accent upon the last syllable.—*Columbia Herald*.

## RADCLIFFE'S SMARTEST PUPIL

It is easy to understand why Helen Keller, now a senior in Radcliff College, is "an object of more general interest" than any other of the numerous undergraduates in that large woman's college.

This girl, under the appalling handicap of deafness, dumbness and blindness, is studying Shakespeare and reading the most difficult Latin authors. She is taking a course of instruction fully as exacting as that taken by the senior classes at Harvard. And she is not only proving herself competent for this

hard mental work, but she is excelling classmates who have had the advantage of the full possession of all their senses and faculties since birth.

Helen Keller is at once the glory and the shame of feminine scholarship—the glory because of what she has accomplished over the most formidable of obstacles, and the shame because of the reproach her industry casts on those of greater original talent and less achievement.

What a reproach she is to the dawdler, the dreamer, the indolent whom the anaemic life pleases, the life of slothful idleness, effortless and futile. This wonderful girl's career illustrates by its contrast the criminal nature of laziness.—*New York Evening World*.

The perfection of beauty in art pottery has been reached by the makers of the justly celebrated Quezal ware. Every piece stamped and registered. No art collection is complete without a specimen. St. Louis agents, the

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.,  
Seventh and Locust Streets.

## FALSE EYELASHES

You may now get false eyelashes as well as false hair. Specialists who provide all manner of artificialities for society women have added them to their stock. A delicate set of lashes is attached to a scarcely visible strip of fish-skin. A small bottle containing a "skin fluid" completes the outfit. The lashes last ten days usually, but twenty with care. Eyebrows lasting from three to six months are another specialty. Into those sold to elderly ladies grey hairs are cunningly inserted.

Vienna golden cut glass. A new shipment just received at prices lower than ever.

J. BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.,  
Seventh and Locust Streets.

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK,  
Klaw & Erlanger's  
Great Production

Mr.  
Blue Beard

Reg. Mat. Saturday

XT SUNDAY,  
Mr. Edward Morgan  
in Hall Caine's Play

The  
Eternal City

Reserved seats Thurs

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,  
Charles Frohman  
presents

Wm. H. Crane  
IN  
THE SPENDERS.

Reg. Matinee Saturday.

NEXT MONDAY,  
Chas. Frohman  
will present

The Girl with the  
Green Eyes  
with  
Clara Bloodgood.

Reserved Seats Thurs.

Imperial 25c Matinee Daily. Get the Habit. 25c

Week Starting Sun. Mat., November 15,  
HOWARD HALL  
in his great play

"The Man who Dared."  
With its thrilling scene in the lion's den.  
NEXT—Joe Welch in The "Peddler."

"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization."  
—Macaulay.

### MAP OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

A system of 12,000 miles of railway in the populous territory east of Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, furnishing luxurious and rapid transportation facilities for more than one-half of the entire population of the United States.

Details of rates and trains given by any New York Central ticket agent.

A copy of "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

First Christian Science Child: What's going on over at your house?  
Second Christian Science Child: Mother has just demonstrated a new baby brother.—*New York Life*.

## GRAND

Mats. Wed., Sat.  
Good Seats, 25c.

Night Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.  
Fred G. Berger and R. G. Craerin present  
Wilson Barrett's Famous Play

The Sign of the Cross.  
Next Sunday, Mat—Ward and Vokes in "A Pair of Pinks."

## GERMAN THEATER

"ODEON"

Heinemann & Welb - - - - Managers

TO-NIGHT,

"Ledige Ehemaenner"  
(Single Benedicts)  
Latest Farce-comedy in three acts by Leo Walter Stein and Arthur Lipphitz.

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT,

Mlle. Nitouche

Comic Opera by Hervey.

In preparation, the latest sensation of the German Stage, "THE RED ROBE," by Richard Bricux.

## The Odeon

Grand and Finney Ave's.

Mr. Guy Lindsley

will present a number of pupils of

The Lindsley School of  
Dramatic Art

in

"Light At Last" and  
"A Modern Ananias"

on

Tuesday Evening, November 17th.

Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros.' Music Store, 1120 and 1122 Olive Street.

N. B. Class lessons and public performances of the Lindsley School of Dramatic Art are given at The Odeon.

Private office 4059 Delmar Boul.  
Telephone Bell, Lindell 1408m.

## STANDARD

The Home of Folly.

Two Frolics Daily

THIS WEEK,

NEXT WEEK,

Harry

Reilly &

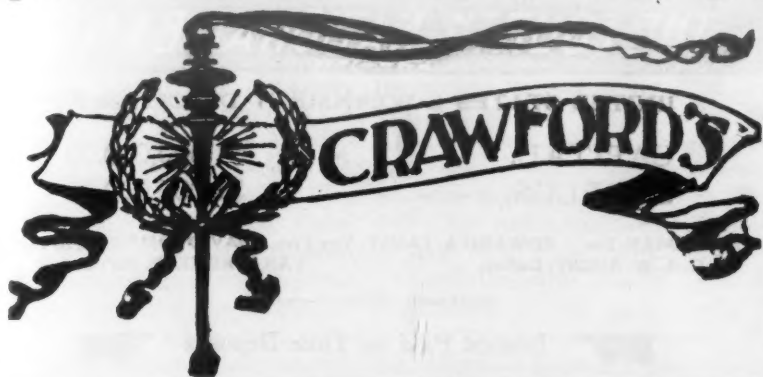
Bryant's

Woods'

Burlesquers

Big Show.





Household necessities are to be found here in abundance, and at extremely low prices.

## FURNITURE THIRD FLOOR

### Weathered Oak, Hall or Den Suite—

Mission style, three pieces—price, \$24.50

### ROCKERS.

Hardwood, mahogany or golden oak finish, cobbler seats—price...\$1.85

### WRITING DESKS.

In solid oak or mahogany finish; well made and polished—price, \$4.75

### DINING CHAIRS.

Solid oak, with cane seat, braced back and seat—price .....69c

### CHINA CABINETS.

In golden oak with round glass ends, price .....\$15.00

### PARLOR CABINETS

from \$10.00 up.

### OAK HAT RACKS

With Mirror, \$1.25.

Medicine Cabinets .....89c

Oak Cane-Seated Sewing Rockers, \$1.25

### COSTUMERS.

Strong and useful—price .....55c

### THREE-PIECE PARLOR SUITS.

Consisting of Divan, Armchair and Reception Chair, covered in finest imported silk damask or best grade leather, in finely finished mahogany frame—price ...\$35.00

### IRON BEDS.

Brass rails and spindles head and foot; in dead black, olive or white enamel—price ....\$4.98

### SANITARY STEEL BED COUCHES.

The best thing ever invented in Folding Beds—all steel, made with best of springs—can be used three ways—price .....\$3.98



### TOILET TABLES.

Ladies' Toilet Table, with beveled French plate mirror, in quartered oak, mahogany or bird's-eye maple—price .....\$12.50

### CHIFFONNIERS.

In golden oak, with five large drawers; well made and finished—price .....\$4.85

### ODD DRESSERS.

In solid oak, with large beveled French plate mirrors—price.\$8.98

Oak Roll Top Writing Desks..\$12.50

### BED SPRINGS.

For wood or iron beds; any size; woven wire, braced with coiled wire supports—price .....\$2.00

### MATTRESSES AND PILLOWS.

**Cotton-Top Mattresses**—Best make, union made; tufted, stitched and bound in good, wearing tick; full size—price .....\$2.50

**Cotton Combination Mattresses**—In best ticking; this is really a better Mattress for comfort than an all-cotton one, and costs just about half—price, for full size, \$3.98

**Felt Mattresses**—The best Mattress for comfort and durability yet produced; positively will not pack and never needs to be remade; in best ticks—price .....\$7.50

**Pillows**—Feather Pillows, guaranteed odorless; in good wearing and washing ticks—price, per pair, 79c

**Pillows**—All-Feather Pillows, in finest Amoskeag herringbone ticking; three pounds to a pillow—price, per pair .....\$1.50

**Pillows**—Finest Prime Live Geese Feather Pillows, the finest Pillow on the market; all in pretty art ticks—price, per pair .....\$3.98

### BED DAVENPORTS.

Opens out when used as bed, and makes up as davenport for day use; all steel, with fancy arms—price .....\$10.00

### PANTASOTE LEATHER COUCHES.

Made tufted all over, with oak frame and steel construction springs—price .....\$12.50

### BUFFET-SIDEBOARDS.

A combination of the two, made in golden or Antwerp finished quartered oak, plane polished, and with large French plate mirror; price .....\$18.50



## Carpets and Rugs

### Third Floor

**Beauvais Axminster Rugs**—Size, 9x12 feet. This rug is the triumph of the manufacturer's art; made with a deep, heavy pile that insures richness and warmth of coloring; every one being a reproduction of the best effects in imported Oriental rugs, and will wear a lifetime—price ....\$26.50

**Smyrna Rugs**—Wool filling, very strong and durable; they are reversible, and come in very handsome designs—size, 9x12 feet—price .....\$18.50

**Brussels Rugs**—These are woven rugs and are especially designed for room centers—size, 9x12 feet—price .....\$15.00

**Linoleum Rugs**—Something new; an excellent sanitary floor covering for dining-room or kitchen; with plain or figured centers and matched borders; will wear for years—size, 9x11 feet 3 inches—price .....\$12.50

### Velvet Carpets—This is a new make;

has all the style and designs of the higher grade Wiltons, and in floral and Oriental effects; for rooms, halls and stairs; wears well and keeps its color—price, per yard .....89c

### Wilton Velvet Carpets—Sanford &

Son's, Smith & Son's and other celebrated makes of this deservedly popular make of carpet; they are made suitable for all rooms; have borders to match, and come in an endless variety of patterns—price, per yard .....\$1.05

### Axminster Carpets—The richest and

softest of all carpets, and in the finest designs and colorings ever shown; they are sold with or without borders and make the handsomest of all coverings for the parlor—price, per yard..\$1.10

## Upholstery

### Third Floor

We make estimates on re-upholstering all kinds of furniture.

**Ruffled Swiss Curtains**, slightly soiled, in one and two pairs of pattern, regular value \$1.25 to \$2.00—to close out, pair.....75c

**Scotch Lace Curtains**, 3½ yards, ecru and white, were \$1.75—cut to pair .....\$1.25

**Arabian Lace Curtains**, corded designs, all the newest effects, were \$3.50—cut to, pair .....\$2.50

**Ruffled Bobbinet Bed Sets**, for iron or brass beds, full size, were \$5.00 cut to, set .....\$3.95

**Rope Portiers**, for full-size doors, were \$2.50—cut to .....\$1.75

**Rope Portiers**, for single doors, were \$1.35—cut to .....\$1.00

**Rope Valance**, for door and window drapery, were \$1.75—cut to..\$1.25

**Tapestry Portiers**, fringe top and bottom, were \$1.50 pair—cut to (each) .....49c

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.



## THE STOCK MARKET

No signs of real, permanent improvement are as yet noticeable in the Wall street market. Liquidation is still very much in evidence in certain quarters. Some leading traders there are who would fain lend assistance to the inauguration of a decisive upward movement, but they can find no following among the rank and file. Confidence is still woefully wanting. Every other day fresh rumors of impending financial trouble are floating around Trinity Church. Some of these are absurdly improbable, yet never fail of effect upon sentiment and of strengthening the belief that the bears still have some trump cards up their sleeves.

Wall street is utterly bewildered. Every time it half succeeds in "bracing up" and taking a more cheerful view of things and the future, something or other invariably intervenes soon to cause all courage and hope to ooze out again. Among the water-logged syndicates consternation has entered an acute phase. A continuance of liquidation and bear attacks would compel any number of them to go out of business altogether. A good many "blind pools" have already succumbed to the inevitable and taken to the tall timber. It is known that there are a few, headed by rather prominent banking interests, who are uncomfortably close to the brink of the abyss, and doing their utmost, and even a little more, to bring about a rally in prices.

The financial position of the market is growing more perplexing and disquieting. While it is still hoped that further engagements of gold for shipment to America can profitably be made, and that no immediate sharp recovery in the foreign exchange market is probable, it does not seem as if the Bank of England and the Bank of France were in a position warranting them to accommodate us on a liberal scale. The Paris institution has been losing gold for some weeks, and in very respectable amounts, and the Bank of England is anxiously endeavoring to retain control of the open market in London, with a view to warding off too embarrassingly insistent demands from New York, Egypt and South America. Owing to the fall in foreign exchange at New York, London discounts have again firmed up, and the expectation of another advance in the Bank of England's official rate is perfectly justified.

The Associated Banks of New York have experienced a sharp shrinkage in their surplus reserves, which now stand at barely \$5,000,000 above the legal limit of 25 per cent. But for a material shrinkage in loans and deposits last Sat-

urday, the surplus reserves would have been almost wiped out completely. It is an ominously noteworthy fact that deposits are still considerably smaller than loans. This feature, as intimated in these columns two or three months ago, is of a distinctively unfavorable aspect and bearing, and is so regarded by conservative banking authorities both in New York and London. The currency shipments to the interior continue, though in smaller volume. It is expected that they will soon cease altogether, as the great Western and Southern banks have concluded all necessary arrangements for safeguarding their position and interests.

The late abrupt and startling fall in the prices of United States Steel issues has induced a renewal of apprehensions regarding the future of this corporation and business conditions in general. The reduction in steel billet quotation has made it clear to all intelligent minds that consumptive demand is rapidly declining, and that it needs a all-around lowering of quotations to prevent a disastrously serious contraction. That the United States Steel management is compelled to seek contracts in Europe is a fact containing indubitable proof of growing weakness in the trade situation. The reaction would not attract so much attention and not incite such grave fears if only the billion trust were less heavily over-capitalized.

Notwithstanding the late sharp cuts, steel prices are still on a level with those prevalent in 1901, which were, at the time, regarded as being very profitable. Of course, the comparison is somewhat deficient, owing to the rise in prices of commodities and labor which has since taken place. Still, it is true that the United States Steel management and shareholders could afford to view present values and conditions with satisfaction, if (and on this "if" special emphasis must be laid), the capital stock were something like \$500,000,000 only, instead of approximately \$1,100,000,000. Additional reductions in values would at once imperil the payment of dividends on even the preferred shares. Considerations of this kind must be held to have been chiefly responsible for the extreme weakness in the common and preferred stock, and likewise the 5 per cent bonds. That the common will be put into the non-dividend paying group in the next few months, is considered a practical certainty. The prevailing quotations for these shares furnish strong evidence that insiders have lost all faith in them. The preferred stock will, from now on, necessarily be the industrial center of

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speculative interest. All favorable or unfavorable changes in the iron and steel trade will be quickly and sharply reflected in prices quoted for them.

There is quite a little disposition among more venturesome investors to pick up railroad stocks selling at tempting prices. Pennsylvania, New York Central, Atchison preferred, St. Paul common, Northwestern common, Union Pacific preferred and common, Missouri Pacific and Baltimore and Ohio preferred and common showed of late marked recuperative strength, which even occasional relapses could not entirely conceal. Unquestionably there is some justification for purchases of this class of shares. They all have undergone a severe shrinkage in prices. Most of the weak holdings have been thrown overboard, and been taken by people who generally buy for "keeps" rather than for a speculative turn of five to ten point. But for the danger which still lurks in the industrial group, one would be strongly inclined to recommend investing in these and a few other railroad issues of known merit.

In the bond list there are some real bargains to be had. In the last few days the demand has been showing signs of falling off, due, no doubt, to the demoralization in steel shares, but it is likely to assert itself again as soon as some degree of stability in industrial and monetary conditions has been established.

Not much, if any, bullish activity in the stock market need be looked for between now and New Year. Abroad, things financial are shaping themselves in a fashion indicating that no outburst of bullish speculation can soon be looked for in London, Berlin or Paris. At home, the bulls have temporarily, been put *hors de combat*, and are diligently licking their numerous sores. The banks have decided to shut down on reckless stock-jobbers, and to scrutinize collateral more circumspectly than they did at any time since 1898. In the face of such conditions and policies, all that the cautious margin-speculator can do is to mark time while keepig "posted" on everything happening or scheduled to happen in the mad and moody world of speculation.



LOCAL SECURITIES.

Things speculative, in the local market, are fearfully monotonous. There is, in every sense of the words, "nothing doing." Holders are afraid to make offerings, and would-be buyers waiting for prices to come down still further. The few lots that change hands occasionally are anything but an accurate test of real conditions. How long this sort of thing may continue is hard to determine. Some local geniuses of finance maintain that all that is needed to liven up the situation is a good advance in Wall street. They may be right; at least, we are willing to believe that they are. For if present conditions should continue indefinitely, brokers would have a desperate fight to make both ends meet.

There is nothing to chronicle regarding bank and trust company shares. This group has vanished out of sight. For

some days none of the shares has been offering; in fact, there are not even nominal quotations at this writing.

In street railway issues activity and transactions are very limited. St. Louis Transit is barely steady at 13½ bid, 13¾ asked. United Railways preferred may be bought at 59½. This represents a moderate decline from last week's prices. The 4 per cent bonds are in small demand at 78¾.

Granite-Bimetallic rose to .70, and then receded to 67½ again. Why the stock is being bought is a mystery. Perhaps somebody heard that somebody told a rumor to somebody about one of the company's directors, having dreamed of a renewal of dividends on the shares.

Simmons Hardware Co. first preferred is quoted at 115 bid; the common at 85 bid. Central Coal & Coke common is in light demand at 52¼.

Laclede Gas 5s are 104 bid; St. Louis Brewing 6s 92¾ bid; the bonds of small denomination 102 bid. St. Louis City World's Fair 3½ per cent bonds are offering at 97¼.

Last week's bank clearances showed a good increase. Money continues firm at 5½ and 6 per cent for time and call loans. Sterling exchange is weak, the last quotation being 4.84¼.



ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

S. S. A., Troy, Mo.—Would recommend holding Atchison common for the present. Do not believe, however, that it will commence to go up at once. Southern common not tempting.

R. E. McG., Dubuque, Ia.—Think D., M. & M. 3½ per cent bonds will go lower. New York Central 3½s perfectly safe. Yes, would add to holdings at prevailing figures.

A. L.—Keep out of Boston copper shares. Most of them too high and notoriously manipulated. Standard R. & T. 6s are a dangerous speculation.

X. X. X.—Why not sell? Think will go lower. Support fictitious. Management not very creditable. Consider East St. Louis bonds good investment.

T. D. F., Ft. Worth, Tex.—Earnings of company satisfactory, but no dividend in sight. Sell stock on first bulge. Would hold Southern Pacific for a rally. Would sell Smelting common, also Republic Iron & S. preferred.

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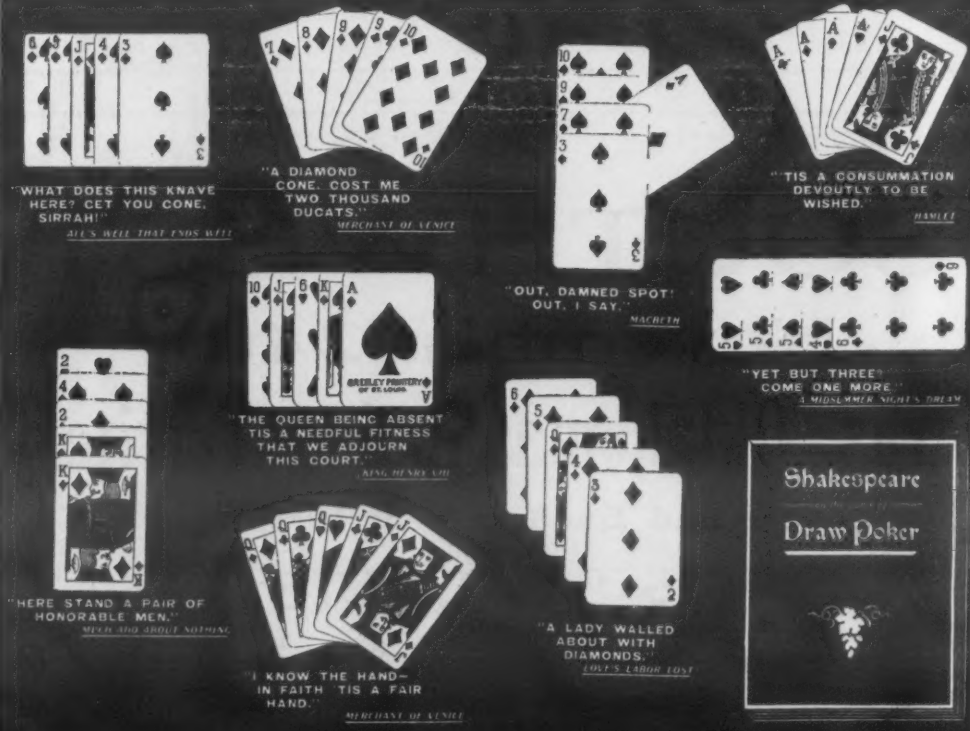
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